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# Together

In Color: **Puerto Rico**

▶ 4 Bishops Answer 4 Questions

A Code for Teen-Agers

*The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families*

*March 1960*



MRS. W. W. KING  
DREW UNIVERSITY  
MADISON N. J.



# In Praise of Blue Grass



*John James Ingalls (1833-1900)*

*A New Englander by birth, John James Ingalls adopted Kansas as his state in 1858. Fellow Kansans responded by electing him to the Senate from 1873 to 1891. His eloquence and love of nature break through in this excerpt from his most celebrated speech.*

GRASS is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring.

Sown by the winds and wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements, grass softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression.

Banished from thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry or bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

One grass differs from another grass in glory. One is vulgar and another patrician. There are grades in its vegetable nobility. Some varieties are useful. Some are beautiful. Others combine utility and ornament. The sour, reedy herbage of swamps is baseborn. Timothy is a valu-



able servant. Redtop and clover are a degree higher in the social scale. But the king of them all, with genuine blood royal, is blue grass. Why it is called blue, save that it is most vividly and intensely green, is inexplicable, and had its unknown priest baptized it with all the hues of the prism, he would not have changed its hereditary title to imperial superiority over all its humbler kin.

Men are wholly rooted in the soil, and the character of nations, like that of forests, tubers, and grains, is entirely determined by the climate and soil in which they germinate. Dogmas grow like potatoes. Creeds and carrots, catechisms and cabbages, tenets and turnips, religions





and rutabagas, governments and grasses all depend upon the dew point and the thermal range. Give the philosopher a handful of soil, the mean annual temperature and rainfall, and his analysis would enable him to predict with absolute certainty the characteristics of the nation. Calvinism transplanted to the plains of the Ganges would perish of inanition. Webster is as much an indigenous product of New England as its granite and its pines. Napoleon was possible only in France [and the same is true of] Cromwell in England.

The direct agency upon which all these conditions depend, and through which these forces operate, is food.

Temperature, humidity, soil, sunlight, electricity, vital force, express themselves primarily in vegetable existence, that furnishes the basis of that animal life which yields sustenance to the human race. What a man, a community, a nation can do, think, suffer, imagine, or achieve depends upon what it eats.

The primary form of food is grass. Grass feeds the ox; the ox nourishes man; man dies and goes to grass again; and so the tide of life, with everlasting repetition, in continuous circles, moves endlessly on and upward, and in more senses than one, all flesh is grass. But all flesh is not blue grass. If it were, the devil's occupation would be gone.





## can mean so much when you're young

Last week when little Bonnie was 3½ it was an important event in her life. Not only was she a "big" six months older than Bobby across the street, but she felt all the excitement of advancing further into a whole new fascinating world of knowledge.

Perhaps it is in the same delightful mood that over 1,000,000 church families look forward to TOGETHER's 3½ year old birthday this month. For the best is yet to come . . . new thrilling pictorials, prize winning stories, stimulating articles by noted authors and refreshing inspirational features.

It is through the All Family Subscription Plan that TOGETHER can continue to expand its editorial qualities. This plan, wherein every member-family of the congregation receives TOGETHER from their church, provides the economy of operation and the financial resources necessary to publish such an outstanding magazine.

Your support and encouragement of this plan will help to bring you an even greater TOGETHER. If your church is not yet on the All Family Plan, we suggest that you consult with the pastor or other leaders of your church. Write to TOGETHER Business Office for information on how every family of your church can read TOGETHER each month at the low rate of \$2.60 a year — billed quarterly to your church.

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*Is thy heart right, as my heart is  
with thine? Dost thou love and  
serve God? It is enough. I give thee  
the right hand of fellowship.*

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

**OUT** ARIZONA WAY the earth opens into an abyss, rock-ribbed and miles across. Here, in a panorama of shifting mood and color, the geologic ages drop away as one's sight plummets a mile or more to find the Colorado River's bed below. What a wild and lonely place is this rift in the earth's crust where the handiwork of God and Nature has gone on since Creation!

Visitors to the Grand Canyon view the great chasm with many emotions—some with chills and shudders, of course, but most with reverence and awe. We hope to share some of this stupendous beauty and majesty with you next month in an eight-page color pictorial. We think you will see why such marvels on the face of the earth have inspired not only literature and music, but prayer as well!

One evening recently we sat in a hotel room and talked with a man who will soon discharge one of the greatest responsibilities his church offers—preparation and delivery of the Episcopal Address before the 1960 General Conference of The Methodist Church at Denver, Colo., April 27 to May 11. **Bishop William C. Martin** of Dallas, Tex., has been hard at work for many months—several weeks of that time in an isolated Rocky Mountain retreat—yet the address was not yet complete. When delivered late this spring, it will represent the thinking, the suggestions, the criticism, and bear the final stamp of approval of other members of the Council of Bishops.

Traditionally, the Episcopal Address gets the General Conference under way. It is a "State of the Church" report, a keynote address which helps set the mood and goals of the Conference. In a special article next month, Bishop Martin will tell the history and some of the trials and tribulations traditionally faced in compiling the message—always the work not of one man, but of many.

In her *Personal Testimony* last month (February, page 13), **Mrs. Chloe Cook Sloan** of Nashville, Tenn., told of a notable and long-continued example of Jewish-Christian co-operation in that city. There have been other similar instances elsewhere, of course.

One of these is described by **Harry Golden** in his best seller, *Only in America* (now issued in paperback by Permabooks, 50 cents). He tells about a small-town Methodist minister who offered the use of his church to a Jewish congregation for Sabbath services while a temple was under construction. To quote the author: "About the third or fourth Friday evening, the Methodist minister took a seat in the rear of the church, picked up a Jewish prayer book, and participated in the service. In a matter of weeks, he became a 'regular,' and an honored guest." More than once, however, the preacher disconcerted some of his Jewish friends by reminding them that he had missed them in the service!

**Our Cover:** The symmetry of pussy willows beginning to bud was captured on film by **Orville L. Snider**.

—YOUR EDITORS

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• **Managing Editor:** Fred R. Zepp • **Art Editor:** Floyd A. Johnson • **Associates:** Helen Johnson, Charles E. Munson, H. B. Teeter, Richard C. Underwood • **Assistants:** Else Bjornstad (research), Carol Scott Carlson (production), George P. Miller (photos)  
• **Contributing Editors:** Newman S. Cryer, Jr., T. Otto Nall, Roy L. Smith, Myrtle R. Walgreen • **Business Manager:** Warren P. Clark  
• **Advertising Manager:** John H. Fisher • **Circulation Manager:** Alan Deyoe, Jr.

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# Letters



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### Welcome, John Wesley . . .

MRS. AUGUST HEABEL  
Chicago, Ill.

Our entire family was enjoying the November issue of *TOGETHER* when our fourth son was born November 21. Since this is the 175th anniversary of our Methodist Church in America, we thought it appropriate that we name our new baby John Wesley Heabel. John Wesley's sisters—Susan, 12, and Irene, 4, and his brother, August Carl, III, 6, are as proud of their Methodist brother as are Mother and Daddy.

*Probably there are others—but, so far as we know, John Wesley Heabel is the first babe to be thusly named because of the 175th anniversary. Hi there, J. W.—and good going!—Eds.*

### To Church for Entertainment?

MRS. H. M. WILLARD  
Baltimore, Ohio

I heartily agree with Mrs. Raymond Fast [see *Letters*, January, 1960, page 9] that if we have to use devices such as snack bars and swimming pools to boost church membership, the folk we attract will not come to church to worship, but to be entertained.

### A 'Wholesome Atmosphere'

MRS. JAMES KOBESKY  
Lake Ariel, Pa.

Mrs. Raymond D. Fast says that a church which has a swimming pool, snack bar, and tennis court is serving man and not God.

I have no children as yet, but if I ever do, I feel that I would have a burden lifted knowing that my children had a church in our town like the one in Louisville. I think this church is truly serving God. It is doing something that will take children off the streets, and give them a good, wholesome atmosphere for recreation.

I should like to know if Mrs. Fast would rather have her children swimming at a church or playing on street corners and empty lots.

### 'Simsalabimbam . . .'

DR. BERNARD P. MANSFIELD  
Galion, Ohio

Ralph L. Woods, in *Unforgettable Home Ties* [January, 1960, page 24], states that his father taught the word

"simsalabimbambazaladooladim" to his children and it became part of the family's folklore. It may have been brought to this country by early German settlers. My wife says she learned the word as a little girl in Germany nearly 70 years ago.

### Our Cover Girl Grows Up

CATHY ARNOLD  
Bloxom, Va.

Thank you for using my picture on the January, 1960, cover. Mommy and



*Cathy Arnold: a big "hello" to you.*

Daddy are very happy about this, too, as is my little brother, John.

*Dear Cathy: When we selected that photo of you—taken three years ago—we didn't know you. Now we feel well acquainted and hope someday to meet you. While you're on the phone, say hello for us to Johnny, Mommy, and Daddy.—Eds.*

### The Pageant in Prison

CECIL F. McKEE, Senior Chaplain  
Texas Department of Corrections,  
Huntsville, Tex.

I have your fine letter and complimentary copy of *TOGETHER* which carries the reproduction of our Christmas pageant. [See *An Old Story in a New Setting*, December, page 2.] Please thank the members of your staff for a really excellent piece of work. Everyone here who was associated with the



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project is well pleased with the story.

I already have received requests from two institutional chaplains in distant states who want to produce the same pageant. So, this testifies to the far-reaching influence of TOGETHER.

Your story has done a great deal to dignify the religious program of Methodists in our correctional institutions, and emphasizes its meaning and worth to the Methodist people. Other Methodists who are in situations similar to mine will be grateful to you and your thoughtfulness.

### Here's Your Request!

GENE ZIMMERMAN, *Pastor*  
Gainesville, Fla.

Our church gathers up magazines which we send to Florida State Prison, and the chaplain tells me that the inmates especially like TOGETHER. What are chances of getting a note in your *Letters* section with a request that back issues be sent to the chaplain?

*Excellent, as you see. We also point out to you other readers that a check with your own state's prison chaplain might reveal a similar literature need. Answering it would make a good project for a Sunday-school class in your church.—EDs.*

### TOGETHER in Your Hospital?

FRANKLIN C. HUBBARD, *Pastor*  
Amboy, Ill.

In visiting our local hospital, I recently found seven different Roman Catholic publications on the desk for the use of patients and visitors.

I took this matter up with my official board, with the result that First Methodist Church is sending TOGETHER to the hospital. Not only did we subscribe as a church, but two individuals on the Board subscribed privately. Soon the hospital will be receiving three copies monthly.

May I suggest that other Methodist churches look into this matter of providing TOGETHER to their local hospitals? It is not so much a competitive matter as it is simply providing good reading for patients.

### A 'Yes' to Early Marriage

THOMAS J. PEACOCK, *Pastor*  
Ainsworth, Nebr.

I heartily disagree with Judge Theodore B. Knutson [see *Americans Wed Too Young?*, January, page 73] regarding early marriages. My wife and I were married young: she was 15 and I was 20. We lived together for 55 years and never had a cross word pass between us—quite a record. We were sweethearts from the day we commenced keeping company to the day she passed away. We simply learned to love each other's ways.

I believe that others who marry older are more set in their ways and have a harder time adjusting than do younger folks.

### A Well-Adjusted Cow!

DALE BARNARD  
Heifer Project, Inc.  
Upper Darby, Pa.

The pictorial Sarawak—Once Head-Hunter Land [January, page 37] was of special interest to those of us associated with Heifer Project, Inc., because the cow shown on page 44 probably was in our December, 1956, shipment of 5 Jersey heifers, 6 Poland China hogs, and 15 Nubian goats contributed to the Rev. Thomas Harris' agricultural mission station by California-Nevada Conference Methodists.

Bishop Donald H. Tippet set the idea in motion and Wendell Kramer, a Methodist minister helped prepare the shipment. The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief co-ordinated the contributions which paid for transportation and inside-USA costs.

About a year later, Mr. Harris reported: "The cows have met with no serious difficulty, and that says a lot for the Jerseys you selected. The calves born en route and after arrival all give promise of being hardy, well-adjusted animals for increasing our herd."

### Left-Handed Milker?

M. S. McCLUNG  
Piedmont, W. Va.

When we looked at the beautiful Sarawak color pictorial my wife and I—at the same time—asked, "What is wrong with the picture of the cow on page 44?"

Then we both remembered that when we were younger and were taught to milk a cow, we had to approach her on



*What's wrong? This reader spotted it.*

the right side—never the left. I recall having received a kick several times when I tried to milk Old Bossy on her left side. It may be that Thomas Harris, at Sarawak's only dairy, has trained the cows differently. Could that be the answer?

*No, the cows there are "trained" right. Actually, the men in that picture*



# New Group Health Insurance Available to Every Reader of Together—65 and Over

**Special Note:**—Due to the tremendous response this Announcement received from the readers of last month's **TOGETHER**, we are repeating our offer now—for the last time in 1960!

Including New Medical Coverage Which Helps You Pay For Doctor Visits—to your Home, in the Hospital, in the Doctor's Office, or at a Nursing Home

Now, readers of *Together* can be among the first to share in a major health insurance advance for men and women 65 and over. Never before have people 65 and over had such a practical way to safeguard themselves against the drain on income that comes with sickness and hospital care. . . . And, now at last, there are TWO wonderful Plans to choose from. First, there is the Standard Plan which is currently providing thousands of men and women with complete hospital-surgical benefits—including outpatient emergency hospital care!

Only members of AARP can get the protection of these Plans—and you are invited to join now.

Your coverage under either of the Plans can never be cancelled because of age . . . and you get it without answering a single question about your medical history. The only requirements are that you be 65 or over and a member of AARP.

## NEW OPTIONAL COVERAGE

And now, after months of hard work and planning, the non-profit American Association of Retired Persons is proud to announce its Optional Hospital-Surgical-Medical Plan that actually gives you money to help pay for doctor visits. It also includes many other benefits never before in one group insurance policy of this type—in addition to the hospital-surgical benefits of the Standard Plan. Imagine! Relief, at last, from the constant expense of doctor calls—whether at home, the hospital, the doctor's office or in the nursing home!

## HOW AARP SERVES YOU

AARP is able to offer you these two Health Insurance Plans—and the freedom from worry that goes with them—only because it is a national, non-profit organization consisting of elder citizens exclusively and functioning solely in their behalf. It now has more than 300,000 members from coast to coast.

Under the direction of its founder and president, Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus, noted educator and nationally recog-

### A Message from Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus, President of AARP.

"So that no one will miss out on this wonderful opportunity to achieve low-cost health insurance coverage at a time when it is needed most, we have been permitted to extend our enrollment period.

"Therefore, I again invite everyone 65 or over to join AARP and learn about this amazing coverage under which many thousands of our members now have permanent protection.

"These two Plans take their honored place alongside our other special services . . . all designed to provide better living for America's elder citizens."

nized leader in senior affairs, AARP offers its members many privileges in addition to its health insurance program. Here are a few:

AARP's Drug Buying Service enables members to obtain needed drugs and prescriptions at savings of 25% and more off the regular retail price.

AARP members also receive practical help and information through the two AARP publications: *Modern Maturity* magazine and the *AARP News Bulletin*.

AARP's Travel Service offers big discounts on guided group tours to Europe and elsewhere.

AARP has strong local and national Legislative Programs to improve and safeguard the welfare of elder citizens.

All these privileges and more are yours as a member of AARP—which you may join whether you are employed or retired.

### SOME IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT AARP GROUP INSURANCE

1. Protection under either of AARP's Plans cannot be denied you for any reason if you are 65 or over and belong to the American Association of Retired Persons.
2. No medical examination is necessary.

No health questions are asked.

3. Protection cannot be cancelled so long as the Master Contract remains in force and you continue to pay your premiums as a member of AARP.

4. AARP insurance benefits are paid in cash, in addition to any other protection on which you may collect.

5. No matter how many claims you may have, your policy can never be cancelled, no matter how old you are, or how often you use the policy. There is no restriction to the number of claims for different causes. Even claims for the same or related causes need only be separated by six months.

6. The spouse of any insured member is eligible to join the plan regardless of age.

7. There are no waiting periods. Pre-existing conditions are covered except that during the first year you do not receive benefits for conditions for which you are hospitalized during the 12 months immediately preceding the date of the claim. (But the policies will cover all pre-existing conditions for which medical treatment was given only outside the hospital.)

8. The Plan is underwritten by the Continental Casualty Company, Chicago, Illinois, one of the largest insurance companies in the world.

## HERE'S ALL YOU DO

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But don't delay. To make sure you don't miss the current enrollment period, we urge you to mail the coupon now.

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were just looking this cow over. She'd probably kick, too, if someone tried to milk on her left side.—Eds.

## 20,000 Have Lord's Acre

JACK WALDREP  
P.O. Box 1490  
Asheville, N.C.

In your *Letters* I have noticed MYF members discussing the problems of raising money.

I am a Methodist minister in charge of the Lord's Acre Plan and would like to suggest that our young people try this meaningful and dignified method of raising funds. We now have 20,000 churches around the world using it and would be happy to send free information to any church or MYF group.

## Dr. Harley Leaving Liberia

C. MELVIN BLAKE  
Methodist Board of Missions  
New York City

I was delighted to find the article, *Dr. George Harley of Liberia*, in *TOGETHER* [December, 1959, page 21]. I am personally very grateful to find this article appearing at just this time, in view of Dr. Harley's approaching retirement from missionary service in Liberia. You may not have been aware of the fact that Dr. Harley has suffered

some rather severe heart attacks in recent months and will probably be returning to the States within the next year or so.

On behalf of the six Annual Conferences in Africa south of the Sahara, I want to express our appreciation to *TOGETHER* for the excellent coverage it has given to the work of the church in Africa.

## Nepal's Story Now on Slides

C. P. HEINS, Treasurer  
United Mission to Nepal  
Bombay, India

The beautiful color spread on Nepal and the work of the United Mission there [*Nepal on Top of the World*, October, 1959, page 37] made that issue well worth waiting for. When I visited Kathmandu I found the missionaries and other staff members of the Shanta Bhavan Hospital thrilled over the picture story that had been airmailed by a friend in America.

Your readers may be interested to know that there is a 20-minute, color-slide lecture with tape commentary on Nepal and the work of the Mission available from the department of visual education of the Methodist Board of Missions. The new address is 475 Riverside Dr., New York City 27.

## An Unholy Alliance?

HOWARD E. GREGORY  
Tacoma, Wash.

What a shock to read the proposal by Bishop Lord to nationalize the liquor industry and use its profits to combat alcoholism. [See *Newsletter*, December, 1959, page 11.]

The power of the liquor industry and its corruptive influence on the political, moral, and spiritual life of our country is already tremendous; under nationalization it would be enormously extended. With the supposedly worthy motive of creating greater revenues for combating alcoholism, efforts logically could be made to increase consumption of liquor, thereby creating an ever greater number of alcoholics.

## Report From Kerala . . .

GEORGE THECKEDATH, Priest  
Kerala, India

I am a priest of the Syrian Rite staying in this hospital conducted by U.S. Salvation Army missionaries. It was here that I came across two copies of your truly great magazine.

To me, yours is the most beautiful of all the Christian magazines and the most Christian of all the beautiful magazines that I have seen so far. . . .

## Your dream is coming true . . . Rogue Valley Manor

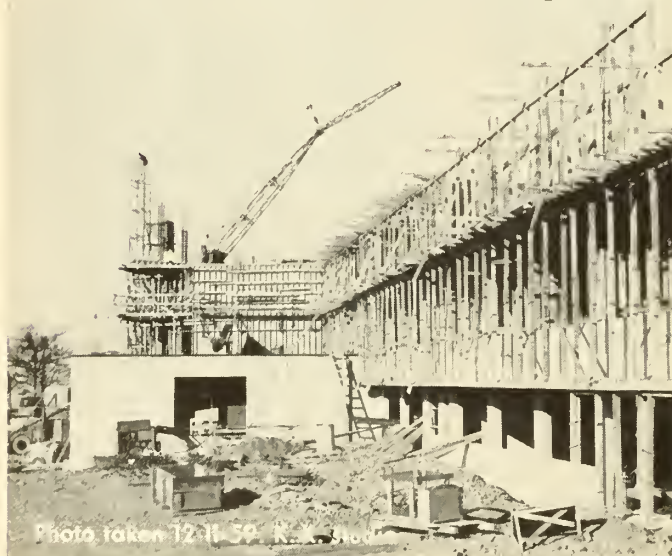


Photo taken 12-11-59. K. A. Hood

### ALL YOU HAVE DREAMED OF FOR RETIREMENT NOW ALMOST A REALITY AT MEDFORD, OREGON

A Christian retirement residence of distinction, Rogue Valley Manor is now under construction. Opening is scheduled late this year when the members will move into their new homes.

You can still be among the original member-occupants of the Manor's charming, modern apartments—if you act soon. The coupon below will bring you full details.

In the dry mild beauty of Southern Oregon—so rightly called “the garden spot of the West”—you will lead your own life, surrounded by congenial people, doing things you enjoy. The finest building ever designed for gracious retirement living offers everything from meals to medical care . . . and at reasonable costs. Life memberships start at \$8,500 (and it costs no more for a couple).

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WALTER M. HIGGINS, Executive Director  
Rogue Valley Manor, Dept. M  
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Medford, Oregon.

Please send me free, without obligation, a copy of booklet giving full facts about Rogue Valley Manor.

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# Together / NEWSLETTER

**DENOUNCE ANTI-SEMITISM.** Bishops John Wesley Lord and Richard C. Raines, and Methodist pastor Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, have joined 18 other U.S. Protestant leaders in condemning recent outbreaks of anti-Semitism. They urge "all men of good will to express their disapproval of this lawlessness."

**PROCLAIMS LAW DAY.** President Eisenhower has called upon churches to join in observing Law Day, Sunday, May 1. The nation, he feels, should study the moral and spiritual roots of its legal system.

**GROWTH RATE SLUMPS.** Methodist church-school membership showed an increase of only 1 per cent last year over 1958, the smallest gain in years, according to the Board of Education's department of general church-school work. Three years ago the gain was 2 per cent; four years ago, 3.6 per cent. In the 1948-58 decade it rose 25.8 per cent. Total enrollment now is 7,161,160.

**INSTITUTION OR MOVEMENT?** Is Methodism in danger of becoming more of an institution and less of a movement? The Rev. Romey Pitt Marshall, North Carolina Christian Advocate editor, warns it may be. He asserts that it formerly was made up of small groups of believers in a "way of life," but now is composed largely of people who accept membership merely as a "part of life."

**RELIGIOUS VALUES NEEDED.** Education which rejects religion can never raise the standards of public morality, Bishop F. Gerald Ensley has told Methodist educators at Atlantic City, N.J. He censured higher education for being in the "grips of a humanistic philosophy."

**CHURCH ATTENDANCE DROPPING?** In an average week last year, 47 per cent of the U.S. adult population, or an estimated 49 million persons, attended church and synagogue services. This compared with the all-time high of 49 per cent, or 50.5 million, in 1958, according to figures compiled by the Gallup Poll and released by Religion in American Life.

**CONFERENCES MAY MERGE.** The Kentucky Conference has named a special committee to report in June on a possible merger of the Kentucky and Louisville Annual Conferences.

(More church news on page 66)

## Overweight and your heart

Medical research has discovered that overweight produces a 2½ times greater risk of coronary trouble than if the weight is normal.

If you have a heart condition, and are overweight, your doctor probably will place you on a reducing diet.

Whether you're overweight or not, your doctor may advise a low-fat diet, believing that cardiacs do better when they limit their intake of fats.

But to keep your spirits high, your doctor wants you to enjoy as many of the good things of life as possible, including the "good things" of the table.

That's why so many physicians favor the use of delicious D-Zerta® Gelatin. Made without sugar, it has only 12 calories a serving and is cholesterol-free.

D-Zerta Gelatin comes in six fresh-tasting flavors for satisfying desserts and between-meal snacks.

Why don't you ask your doctor about D-Zerta Gelatin? He'll recommend it . . . and D-Zerta Pudding, too. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, makers of Jell-O® Desserts. Gelatin or Pudding—it's available at grocery stores.

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“Because I was nervous  
and irritable,  
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“You know how it is when you’re nervous—the slightest thing makes you drop whatever you’re holding. Well, *that* made me even more nervous and irritable than I was.

“The family finally got me to the doctor. He said maybe I’d been drinking too much coffee. Apparently, the caffeine in coffee upsets some people sometimes. He suggested I try drinking Postum because it’s 100% caffeine-free, can’t make you nervous—or keep you awake at night.

“I followed his advice and, you know, the doctor was right. But one thing he forgot to tell me: just how good Postum is! Why don’t you try Postum—you’ll be steady enough to thread a needle, too!”

*Postum*



*is 100% coffee-free*

A product of General Foods





✠ *Personal Testimony*

*Death was at her side  
as consciousness faded. But  
there, in the operating room, she  
felt a new, a stronger, power. From it  
she drew strength—and lasting faith.*



# I Reached Out and God Was There

By Mrs. William L. Simcox

AS I LAY on a table in the emergency operating room, a lonely, tightening fear swelled within me. It had started back about half an hour earlier with the spurt of a profuse hemorrhage, an aftermath of recent surgery. The rhythmic loss of blood, I knew, could be stopped only by another operation. And it had to be soon.

A call to our family doctor had brought an ambulance. An attendant, fingers on my fluttering pulse, ordered the driver, "Open it up. We better get there fast." As we picked up speed, the wailing screams of the ambulance's siren seemed as if they would burst my eardrums. Then, I was floating . . . floating . . .

The emergency operating room's bright light drew me back toward consciousness, incredibly weak and only vaguely aware of white-clothed figures hovering over me. Yet, inwardly, I was fully aware; my mind, a thing apart from my weakened body, was functioning clearly again. Inevitably, the terrifying question came: Was this the end?

Gentle fingers never left my wrist. I heard a voice say, "She needs plasma till we get whole blood." Then a needle stuck my left arm and the voice continued, "Vein's collapsed. Let's try the other arm."

I had prayed many times, but never had I tried so sincerely to know the presence of God: "Lord, whether I live or die is up to you. With

you working through these people I know I can live. Please, Lord, let me live."

I heard a man's voice, as from a great distance, saying, "You'll feel drowsy in a moment. Just relax; we'll take care of you." Anesthesia was started. Drowsiness crept over my mind, yet I clung to bare consciousness, seeking some kind of reassurance from the God I had not known too well.

"Lord, this may be my last plea. If you can see your way clear, let me live a while. Children growing up . . . so young . . . need me. . . ." In this, life's loneliest experience, my innermost self pleaded, "Lord, be with me."

And suddenly he *was* there. The panic and dread were gone. In their place I had the sure conviction that God was with me.

Now the doctor was at my right arm. "Hold this, please, nurse. Careful now, let's get this vein." I felt another stab and the next words were jumbled. I didn't know if they had succeeded, but in my heart was a vibrant peace, an utter surrender to God's will. Unafraid, I slipped into oblivion.

God did "see his way clear" to let me live and I shall be ever grateful. But the beautiful revelation of divine love which I experienced that day means much more.

I no longer fear death; I have faced it. When that moment comes again, I shall reach out—and God will be there.



*Pictured together at a recent meeting in Phoenix, Ariz., are the four ministers who participate in this month's panel. They are (from left):*

*Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, Pittsburgh; Bishop Willis J. King, New Orleans; Bishop William C. Martin, Dallas, and Bishop Nolan B. Harmon, Charlotte, N.C.*

## METHODIST EYES ON METHODIST PROBLEMS

IN 1939, three mainstreams of American Methodism reunited to form The Methodist Church, largest of all Protestant denominations. To simplify administration, it then was divided into six Jurisdictions, five geographical and one, the Central Jurisdiction, composed of Negro Annual Conferences.

Today, with General Conference nearing (April 27 to May 11, in Denver, Colo.), much attention is focused on the future of the Jurisdictional system, particularly of Central. Latest figures show the Central Jurisdiction includes 366,889 members—approximately one out of every

# Four Bishops Answer

**1** *How can racial relations in our churches be improved within the present organizational framework?*

**BISHOP WICKE:** "Have you met the new preacher at Zion Heights?" I recently asked a friend. "No," was the reply, "I didn't even know we had a Methodist church there."

Yet Zion Heights was within easy walking distance of my friend's own home church. Administratively, it was a member of another Methodist Conference and Jurisdiction. Geographically, it was almost our immediate neighbor.

There is little sense in discussing race relations in any manner until we are willing to make an honest effort to become acquainted with each other. To be unaware of another man's existence affords no ground for acquaintance or friendship.

The United Fund drive in our town had come to a successful conclusion. As one man remarked, "It took some doing." It did! What with a variety of economic dislocations, failure could have been rationalized and excused. Another added, "I'm as happy as anyone about the victory. But I have a new respect for some of these

people with whom I worked. I had had only a slight and nodding acquaintance with them before. They are first-rate!"

Awareness of another's existence in a nodding acquaintance may provide casual information and deliver us from the total loneliness of abject isolation. Such a relationship does little toward relieving the world's pain or increasing its joy; toward outlawing social evils or creating conditions that will bring wholesome community life to birth; toward banishing ignorance, prejudice, ill will and in their place nurturing health of body, mind, and spirit.

These blessings of the body and the spirit require the co-operating labors of all men. In so far as we refuse to labor together we reject the blessings that are promised those who work *together* for good. If we would sincerely pray together for the coming Kingdom we must work together for its realization.

Our common enemies at home and abroad are of such strength and power that only by working together can we claim any possibility of success. Our opportunities are so wide that only our common labor can match them. Many hands joined in the task make lighter work and also happier hearts. Let those who have stronger hands bear the heavier burden, but let us all share the task. We can work together. We should work together in Christ's name.

The hour was sunrise. The occasion was a Com-



27 in Methodism's 9,815,459 total. Serving their spiritual needs are 1,556 pastors in 2,941 organized churches, or about one preacher to every 235 men, women, and children. In Methodism as a whole, the comparable figures are 27,750 ministers in 39,236 churches, or one pastor for every 355 members. There are 185,245 members of Central's church schools; 7,154,254 in those of The Methodist Church.

Overseeing Central Jurisdiction's almost nation-wide domain are four of the denomination's 37 active bishops elected by the Jurisdictional Conferences. The financial value placed on the physical property is \$77 million for Central, \$3 billion for all branches of the church.

Since the last General Conference in 1956, a 70-member group known as the Commission to Study and Recommend Action Concerning the

Jurisdictional System has been exploring the effectiveness of the existing setup, with emphasis on the future of the Central Jurisdiction. Here the key question is should Central be continued or should its churches be merged with those in the other five Jurisdictions?

"To legislate the immediate elimination of the Central Jurisdiction," reports the Commission, "would be harmful to the Church and especially disastrous to Negro Methodists."

Amendment Nine, adopted at the '56 General Conference and later approved by vote of the Annual Conferences, set up machinery for the gradual and voluntary merging of Central with other Jurisdictions. Specifically, it has made it possible for any local church to transfer to any Annual Conference willing to accept it, and for a similar transfer

of any Annual Conference to a new Jurisdiction. It also provides for Central's abolition when all its Annual Conferences have transferred.

The Commission's report now favors further easing of the transfer machinery. While backing retention of the present Jurisdictional system at this time, the group looks toward an end to segregation in The Methodist Church. It calls for the establishment of brotherhood committees in all local churches, supplemented by ministerial and study groups—all pointing toward "the kind of interracial brotherhood we have in the Council of Bishops and in the general boards and agencies of the church."

It is this report, and its significance for the future, which is expected to occupy much of the delegates' attention at Denver.

# Four Timely Questions



MIDMONTH  
POWWOW

munion service. The place, a teeming neighborhood in a sprawling city. The service came to its close in hushed, almost awesome, silence as an *a cappella* choir permitted the last amen to fade into oblivion.

Slowly we moved from the sanctuary into the sun-flooded street. After a time my neighbor half whispered, "He's never spoken to me in just the same way He did at that altar."

No, He never had because most of us never gave Him the chance to speak under these circumstances. What a vital blessing we had been denied because of our failure or unwillingness to worship together.

"Our Father . . ." Who has not uttered the words, hoping that by some miracle we would become one family in Christ? As we worshiped together that day a new sense of relationship invaded the group, a sense of our oneness in Christ which has been promised those who love him, but so seldom claim the blessing of his love by joining together in a common bond.

How can racial relations in our churches be improved within our present organizational framework?

By getting acquainted.

By working together.

By worshiping together.

The present organizational framework of The Methodist Church permits us to do anything within the body of the church which we desire, and which we are willing to undertake in His name.

## 2 Are Negro bishops in favor of abolishing the Central Jurisdiction of The Methodist Church?

**BISHOP KING:** Yes. For verification, note the following resolution passed at the meeting of the College of Bishops of the Central Jurisdiction, January 7, 1958:

### RESOLUTION:

1. We are in favor of the eventual abolition of the Central Jurisdiction . . . .
2. We approve the so-called "open door" policy by which these Conferences will be merged into the other five geographic Jurisdictions when and as both groups are ready for such action.
3. . . . Measures [should] be taken in each Jurisdiction where churches and Conferences of the two groups are in close proximity to each other to make possible more frequent activities between them with a view to developing freer relationships and better understanding to the end that each will be better prepared for eventual absorption of the Conferences of the Central Jurisdiction by other Jurisdictions.
4. The churches and Conferences of the Central Jurisdic-

tion [should] be cautioned about too hasty action in breaking away from the Central Jurisdiction until it is clear that the majority of our churches will be welcomed into other Jurisdictions on the basis of equality and mutual respect.

From the above resolution it is clear that the bishops of the Central Jurisdiction are definitely in favor of the abolishment of the Central Jurisdiction; that they regard Amendment Nine, which was passed by the 1956 General Conference and approved by the necessary two-thirds majority of the several Annual Conferences of the church, including the Annual Conferences of the Central Jurisdiction, not only as giving the legal basis for such action, but as being a mandate in that connection, as far as the bishops of the Central Jurisdiction are concerned.

The use of the phrase "eventual abolition" of the Jurisdiction did not indicate either lack of conviction on the subject or indecision as to whether it should be done; it was the recognition of the necessity of taking into consideration the many factors necessary to the completion of the merger involved.

It was also suggested, for obvious reasons, that individual churches be careful about breaking away from the Central Jurisdiction before having strong assurance of being cordially welcomed by the geographic jurisdictions into which they wish to transfer.

Finally, the bishops of the Central Jurisdiction, as the chief pastors of the ministers and laymen of the Jurisdiction, feel a keen responsibility to maintain the Jurisdiction in some degree of strength as long as it has the status of a Jurisdiction. When the Jurisdiction goes, it should go out with honor, and with the conviction that it has made a genuine contribution to the ideal expressed in the familiar phrase of our founder, John Wesley: "The Methodists are one people."

### 3 *Is there a need to change present rules regulating the transfer of churches and Conferences to other Jurisdictions?*

**BISHOP HARMON:** I have been asked to comment on the question, "What rules should be changed concerning transfers of churches and Conferences from one Jurisdiction to another?"

I do not see that any rules need be changed unless we are to overrun the principle of voluntarism, which was behind the adoption of the present constitutional Amendment Nine during this quadrennium. This amendment, almost unanimously recommended by the last General Conference, and later overwhelmingly approved by the lay and clerical membership of all the Annual Conferences, provides for the transfer of churches and Conferences where this is the will of the *transferring* church or Jurisdiction and also of the *receiving* church or Jurisdiction. This is in accord with the principle which prevails regarding all membership in the church, for this itself is a voluntary matter.

It should never be forgotten that the church cannot pass laws and make regulations exactly as is done in the state. The state can compel people to observe certain courses of conduct and punish them where they do not. The church cannot compel anyone to do its will, for compulsion immediately drives people out of the church. In fact, the ultimate penalty which any church can ever visit upon its membership is expulsion, which itself completely destroys all fellowship.

Since fellowship and mutual concord are the very heart of the whole life of the church, it can easily be seen that anything which destroys them will destroy the "tie that binds." All this is so clear that it will be understood at a glance.

As it is now, the mutual desires of churches and Conferences to unite or disunit with each other can be followed through in line with their respective wishes. What we may think churches and Conferences ought to do is something else. It must be left to them. I cannot imagine, The Methodist Church being what it is, any other process being called for.

### 4 *What are the responsibilities of church administrators for preachers who feel conscience-bound to express controversial views?*

**BISHOP MARTIN:** A bishop and cabinet are responsible for the appointing of pastors to churches and for changing them when the interests of the church and the Kingdom will be better served. The Committee on Pastoral Relations represents the local congregation in consultation concerning these changes.

A Methodist pastor goes to a church as the spokesman of the Christian Gospel and of the special emphases which have been agreed upon in official conferences where laymen and ministers confer together. When he gets into trouble with his congregation because he preaches the Gospel and reminds his people of the position their church has taken on controversial matters, it is sometimes well, by mutual agreement, to find another church for him.

A congregation that insists upon a change for this reason should be told that the next pastor will be preaching the same Gospel and, in all probability, with much the same accent. In such a change, the pastor should not be penalized, although there can be no guarantee of an adjustment at an exact level of size and salary. Preaching the unadulterated Gospel has never been notably conspicuous as a way of access to personal or economic security.

In this whole area of preaching on controversial questions, the pastor needs to keep before him this question: "Is my chief aim to 'deliver my soul' on this issue or is it to lead the people who are committed to my care from where they are toward a more Christian attitude in thought and behavior?"



By Harry Emerson Fosdick

# Living for the **FUN** of It

*Nothing beautiful came into life until folks began to play, says the famous minister emeritus of New York's Riverside Church, Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

WHAT was the thing about your early home life that made the deepest impression on your memory and on your character?

One of our American sociologists recently asked that question of a large number of people. The answers revealed something very important. Animal pets stood high on the list. So did family festivals, when fun broke loose and the whole household played together. The big point is that the greatest majority picked out some factor of home life which would not ordinarily be called serious.

Too long have we frowned on play. Here, for example, are the rules laid down by an American school in 1784:

"We prohibit play in the strongest





terms. . . . The students shall rise at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter. . . . The students shall be indulged with nothing which the world calls *play*. Let this rule be observed with strictest nicety; for those who play when they are young will play when they are old."

Exactly. "Those who play when they are young will play when they are old."

Some of us look back upon a glorious youth. I, for one, can bear witness that not one boy of my old gang went permanently wrong. Our play was right—we roamed the woods, fished the streams, built our shanties by the brookside, and played our games.

Today I walk the streets of New York and watch the boys and girls. It is estimated that out of every 100 boys on Manhattan Island, 80 spend their leisure time upon the streets, and that of all the things they can do there, 50 per cent are inimical to character and 20 per cent downright illegal. Of course, we have a crime wave, largely made up of juveniles. We are making criminals in our great cities faster than we can put them in jail. These unfortunate youngsters are not learning how to play. And those who do not play when they are young will not play when they are old.

Did you ever stop to think that nothing beautiful ever came into life until folks began to play?

In primitive days, cave men made pottery because they needed receptacles for food and drink. Their crude and formless dishes were utilitarian. But when centuries had passed and life had eased a little, men began to play with pottery, to mold, decorate,

and color it, to shape it into symbolic forms and graceful lines. All art thus comes from play. It springs from the margin over and above the demands of bare necessity.

The primitive men, too, used their voices only for strictly utilitarian purposes. They shrieked in fear, cried for help, bellowed with rage to scare an enemy. But when life had eased a little, they began to play with the voice. They sang: love songs, folk songs. All music comes from play.

Primitive religion also was utilitarian. It was a magic way of getting rain, raising crops, winning wars, and defeating the ghostly hordes of demons. But when the understanding of spiritual life deepened and primitive dreads were a little lifted, men began to play with religion. They rejoiced in the Lord, sang songs, and danced before the Lord, built beautiful temples to the Lord, held celebrations of festival and thanksgiving, and, like the Hebrew Psalmist, went up to the sanctuary and kept holyday. That is to say, they were religious, not because they had to be, but because they loved it.

Some of our greatest modern discoveries were made in play. I once visited Thomas Edison in his laboratory in East Orange, N.J., and watched him work on the problem of abstracting rubber from American plants. We must have rubber; it is indispensable. It was first discovered in play. When the Spaniards came to America, they found the natives bouncing rubber balls; that was the beginning. So, too, the first watch and the first steam engine were merely toys. Even electricity was discovered in play; men rubbed amber

for fun to make it pick up straws.

But to get at the gist of the matter, we must go deeper. Playing is indispensable to youngsters, and taking up golf or getting fascinated by a hobby may be the wisest thing for an oldster to do. But what we are after is even more vital; putting the spirit of play into the whole of life—living for the fun of it.

THE BEST work is always done for fun. Millet, the French artist, had to paint signs to make both ends meet, but this was not his best work. He painted his masterpieces, *The Angelus* and *The Gleaners*, for the sheer love of painting them. An author may have to write hack stuff to keep the pot boiling, but when he has leisure to write something that he wants to write for the creative joy of writing, that will be his best work. Indeed, it was in this mood that John Bunyan wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*. He said, himself, that he wrote it for diversion:

. . . nor did I undertake

*Thereby to please my Neighbour;  
no not I;*

*I did it mine own self to gratifie.*

But how will our industrial workers get any fun out of their work—repeating some simple motion thousands of times a day? Certainly, the major need in our industrial order is so to arrange human relationships and economic processes that increasing multitudes of people shall be working for the fun of it. No civilization in the world's history ever yet survived where the great mass of the people's labor became servitude and drudgery.

Yet in many cases the real reason why we do not do our work in the spirit of play lies in ourselves rather than in any outward circumstances. We have not caught the idea. We lack the spirit of Stradivarius, the great violin maker, as George Eliot interprets him:

*When any master hold*

*Twixt chin and hand a violin of  
mine,*

*He will be glad that Stradivari lived,  
Made violins, and made them of the  
best.*

*The masters only know whose work  
is good:*

*They will choose mine; and while  
God gives them skill,*

## READER'S CHOICE

This thoughtful article by Dr. Fosdick has lost none of its timeliness since it first appeared almost 30 years ago. Originally published by *The American Magazine* in April, 1930, it was condensed by *Reader's Digest* in May, 1930, and republished by *Ladies' Home Journal* in November, 1949. Mrs. Howard I. Malchow, of Berthoud, Colo., first to call it to our attention, has received \$25 for her "tip." If you are first to suggest an article or story chosen for *Reader's Choice*, you'll receive \$25, too. Material should be at least five years old. And with your nomination—one per envelope—please include all information about where and when it was first published.—EDS.



*I give them instruments to play upon,  
God choosing me to help Him . . .*

*He could not make  
Antonio Stradivari's violins  
Without Antonio.*

That man had joy in his work. But do not stop even with playing at your work. Play at home. I have mentioned the importance of fun in the home as an influence on the youngsters. But adults need to play, too.

Two people marry. They are determined to do their duty by each other. He works and she works. As the years pass, they work harder and harder. They become absorbed in work. Seeing a family like that, one wants to cry, "Play! Play with each other and the children. Home life is not simply duty, it is a festival. No family life is healthy unless it kicks its heels."

This spirit of play, which is the crown of work and of home life, is also the crown of religion. So much of our religion in America is dour and grim. It does not bounce.

One commonly hears religion presented as a necessity. "You must be religious," the preacher seems to say. Well, I agree that religion is a necessity. I do not think that civilization will proceed without it. But a vital religion is much more than that: it is a luxury. It is something to celebrate and hold festival over.

To this statement a retort may be expected. "So far from being playful," the rejoinder says, "religion has always insisted on taking life seriously. 'Life is real! Life is earnest!' is the tone in which religion speaks, and Longfellow was only revealing his religious background when he said it."

I should reply: "Yes, take life seriously; but take it playfully, too." We get our real happiness out of the things we do take seriously.

Life in that regard is like love. Love should be happy, but we do not get a happy love unless we take it seriously. If we begin by taking love flippantly, we will end by getting dust and ashes out of it. It must be taken seriously, or it is not happy. Yet it must also be taken gaily, or it is not happy. So with life.

There is great satisfaction in life for those who take it always in a sporting spirit—for those who are living for the fun of it.

# Five Ways to Rear a Boy



*By Daisy Roberts Malone*

*Attached to Daisy Roberts Malone's neatly handwritten manuscript we found a note. "Excuse me, but a woman of 78 years cannot type," she explained. "I am enclosing a short article I feel is timely. . . ." We think our readers will find that hers is a wise, tolerant message.*

*A lifelong Methodist, Mrs. Malone lists her present position as "housewife, mother [of a daughter and two sons], grandmother, great-grandmother, neighbor, friend of all." Perhaps that explains her wisdom.—Eds.*

**H**OW SHOULD you rear your boys? Start by letting them "bring you up in the way parents should go," for as parents you have duties and obligations just as your boys do. Learn from them, discovering their needs—and yours.

Some parents, of course, will say: "But we know what they need better than they do. Their job is to obey." Granted, if you have studied and learned their personalities, perhaps you do know better. But if you do not know their individual needs, how can you apply the correct remedy for wrongdoing?

Next, help your boys entertain

their chums. Occasionally provide cookies or other simple treats. When they are small, tell them simple home-life stories; when they can read, give them good travel and adventure books, and biographies of great men that they may see how others have found success. Take time to read aloud.

Avoid tying boys to your apron strings, and never nag. Above all, don't teach them that the "must not" constitute all the duties of life. Overcome all obstacles with faith—in the boy.

If you study and understand a boy's motives you will never consider him "naturally" bad. Every boy can be expected to try your patience, but we all have been guilty of this. Keep in mind the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Finally, hold your boy by your affection. Every boy wants and needs to know he is appreciated and loved.

The word "love"—a selfless love because of the unlimited possibilities in the lad's soul—really covers the whole field. The boy is our nation's hope. As the Arabs say, "May his tribe increase."

# How We're Solving The Social-Drinking Problem

A Together in the  Feature

By DOROTHY GAULT

A CHILDLESS TEETOTALER, living alone on an island and having no concern for anyone else, could ignore the alcohol problem. But few of us would want to live that way. My husband and I are members of a populous community, have four children, and care about our friends and relatives, some of whom drink. Therefore, although we are abstainers, we cannot shut our minds to the existence of alcohol. We have been forced to make decisions, formulate attitudes, and adjust to a world in which there seems to be a flood of intoxicants.

We know one charming, widely traveled couple whose friendships include people of diverse backgrounds and tastes. Our friends don't drink; neither do they serve liquor when they entertain. But they have a frequent guest who brings his own flask and slips into the kitchen before dinner for what he jovially refers to as his "medicine." When this happens, should they ignore it? Should they ask him not to do it? What do their friends think when they see this happening? They wonder. And they wonder, too, if some of their guests may not feel there is something lacking in their hospitality.

One elderly gentleman we know is so opposed to alcohol that he wrote the publishers of his favorite news magazine, saying: "If you do not discontinue your liquor ads, I shall be forced to drop my subscription." The publisher replied that he was

sorry, but due to economic reasons the company could not comply with his "suggestion." We respected our friend's motives, but we did not follow suit. Cutting off the nose of brilliant news analysis to spite the face of advertising was too quixotic for us—nor did we feel that we dare turn our backs on reality as our parents did.

Jack and I came from homes in which our fathers and mothers did not discuss alcohol except to declare that it and its users were evil. As we were growing up, though, we both knew fine, intelligent, and responsible citizens who did, on occasion, imbibe moderately. Naturally, we wondered if our parents had exaggerated. Perhaps, we thought, between black and white there might be an acceptable shade of gray.

We were each youthful and inexperienced when we left home—and we both experimented cautiously with liquor. Our conclusion was that living is exhilarating enough without artificial stimulation. A few close friends came to a different conclusion. They were fortunate; to them, alcohol remained incidental. Warm and worth-while companions, they respected our reason for not sharing an occasional before-dinner drink, as we respected their right to their convictions. They still are our friends.

There were others, however, whom we liked, but with whom we could never realize a lasting companionship. Evenings that started auspiciously but ended in frantic, senseless hilarity were not for us. Our abstinence and these acquaintances'



*What's to be done in a teetotaling home when a guest brings a flask and slips away for a before-dinner nip? Ignore him? Ask him not to do it?*



intemperance barred us from becoming closer friends.

Long after we accepted the fact that close association with immoderate drinkers—no matter how great their potential when sober—was impossible for us, our two sons reached the turbulent age between boyhood and manhood. Now the problem lapped closer to home shores. Jack and I were not foolhardy enough to hope that our own abstinence automatically canceled the boys' curiosity regarding alcohol. We knew from personal experience that this was not always true. A positive attitude, appealing to logic, was our goal.

We considered letting the boys test the effects of alcohol in the safety of our own home. We knew other parents who had tried this course of action, but the outcomes had varied. We finally discarded the plan. Plying our sons with intoxicants to prove a point was against our instincts. We didn't want to offer bribes for sobriety, either. Gold watches presented to an abstemious offspring on his 21st birthday smacked to us of the lollipop given in return for good behavior in the barber chair. We had too much respect for our sons' increasing maturity.

Instead, we decided to offer plain truths, unclouded by emotion or bias. First: A frightening number of individuals, at least one out of 20, sink from social drinking into the pit of compulsive drinking, turning life into a nightmare. Next: Since both our sons were licensed drivers, we stressed that over half the drivers involved in fatal accidents had been drinking. Even more persuasive was the death-dealing accident in which an acquaintance of theirs collided with an inebriated driver. By coincidence, this occurred a few days after our discussion, and it turned the statistics into reality.

When it came to the volcanic combination of drinking and petting, we had no precise figures to cite. But we explained that alcohol loosens the bridle of reason, allowing youth-strong emotions to reap regret, heart-break, and, very possibly, unwanted parenthood. The boys themselves told us about several instances among classmates that drew the point we were making into sharp focus.

Still we could not afford to be

complacent. We had to reckon with curiosity—the prime reason youths take their first drink. Eager to whet this curiosity are their contemporaries who boast of their ability to hold liquor, who contend a boy isn't a man until he's downed his first pint, who extol the glow of well-being to be found in a bottle. They, too, are persuasive. Our sons eventually did succumb—briefly. Then we were truly grateful that no adamant attitude on our part had made it impossible for them to confide in us.

The younger of our teen-agers had the first brush. He spent a Saturday evening with a friend whose parents are a civic-minded, churchgoing, and respected couple with whom Jack and I have a nodding acquaintance. I was cleaning a cupboard when Gary divulged that he and his young host had sampled the family liquor supply while they were alone in the friend's house.

Hoping he couldn't read the dismay on my face, I asked: "And what is your opinion of drinking, now that you've tried it?"

Gary thought a moment, then answered: "It made me feel like someone else. That scared me. Made me, well, ashamed, when it wore off. I think his dad is dumb to keep the stuff around."

Our elder son did his exploring during his first term at a university. "It might be all right in moderation," he told us later. "But," he added, "each swig makes the next one easier. I couldn't cut loose like some of the fellows did, though. Those conse-

**MRS. GAULT** discusses a problem the teetotaling—or any other alcohol-conscious—family must face. Related questions of etiquette and hospitality arise, too. For instance, what do nondrinking families do when they entertain friends who "like a wee nip"? Serve non-alcoholic cocktails? Ignore the matter? Give drinks to their friends but abstain themselves? And what do they do when friends bring their own liquor? We'd like to know how you handle such situations. If we get enough helpful, stimulating letters, we'll share them with other **TOGETHER** readers as a **Powwow**.—EDS.

(Order reprints of Mrs. Gault's article from **TOGETHER** Reprint Service, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. 35¢ for 10, \$1.50 for 50, \$2 for 100, \$7.50 for 500.)



quences you and Dad harped on were pretty potent stuff."

Their father and I were convinced that these brief essays at drinking would have taken place even if we had commanded the boys never to touch liquor. Equally strong is our conviction that, in the long run, our own abstention will be the strongest factor in influencing them to sobriety. We do not claim our approach is the wisest one, but after reading, praying for guidance, and sifting all the evidence of personal experience, this is our considered attitude.

Although alcohol holds no allure for us, and our elder progeny appear to be developing a healthy distaste for its effects, we still cannot afford to forget the problem. We have two younger girls, who will someday have to grapple with the question: to drink or not to drink?

That is why we humbly ask God for help in guiding them.



*Smut is pouring \$500 million each  
year into racketeers' pockets—with  
our young people the prime targets.  
Here's what you can do about it!*

# PORNOGRAPHY



*Depraved peddlers, operating even on school  
grounds, bootleg thousands of copies of lewd comics, photos,  
and magazines to gullible children every day.*



# Can Hit Your Home, Too

By OREN ARNOLD

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT one June morning my teenage daughter—my own daughter, mind you—was attacked in our own driveway, barely 10 feet from our kitchen door.

She was washing her car when a boy, about 16 and weighing perhaps 170, darted out of a hedge and grabbed her in a sexy bear hug. Though she quickly fought free, the horrifying incident stunned our family and our neighbors. This unspeakable threat just couldn't have happened!

Our street is a good one in a beautiful city of some 500,000. Homes are in the \$40,000 class, lawns are trimmed, pride is evident. Most of us parents are college graduates. The striking new million-dollar Methodist church is just four blocks around a corner, its beautiful chimes enriching our lives three times a day. Another church is six blocks west. Good schools are at hand. Could my daughter have been endangered here?

"It's routine," the police told us. "We'll search, but the chances of finding him are slim. He is doubtless some lustful teen-ager mixed up by reading lurid magazines. They're on every magazine rack and in all the mails. We can't cope with them."

The police were right; they never found him. They did learn, though, that he had been peeping in windows and had phoned a neighbor lady with a lewd proposition. And one bit of good resulted: horrified parents turned up boxes of lurid literature.

In my daughter's shoes I probably would have gone berserk. But she handled the emergency like the mature young Christian she is; no emotional scars, no lurking fears, just anger that such a situation exists. She and her friends, of course, huddled repeatedly.

"We've heard of filthy magazines," they said, "but such things seemed remote. They could never affect us."

Yet hidden in closets, dressers, and pockets of 12-year-old boys on the next block were nearly 40 color post cards of nude women and very uncomic comic books depicting every aspect of lewdness and depravity.

Two streets over, three girls and four boys admitted having a "reading club" to exchange "art" magazines so lewd as to be appalling. They said such printed matter, bought from newsstands or street peddlers or through the mails, is swapped in secret throughout the town.

Do you fancy yourself insulated from all that? Well, know this: children are the prime targets for panderers of indecent literature, partly because they tend to become bored from lack of constructive outlets and partly because they have the money to buy this filth.

The very words "pornography" and "lewdness" and "lasciviousness" are tacitly ruled out of most refined vocabularies. Some children don't even know the words. They have been shielded from the ugliness of life—perhaps too greatly.

The truth is, we can't shut our eyes to danger in whatever form—and this one bores at our moral foundation. Almost every police chief says so. J. Edgar Hoover says so. So do Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish officials.

Pointing out that filthy magazines can be bought by school children as easily as comic books, Methodist clergyman Ralph A. Cannon [see page 25] told an annual meeting of the Board of Temperance:

"This degraded attitude toward sex, love, and marriage is a sickness which, unless we act, will take its toll, not just in the lives of those who become delinquent or criminal, but will creep into all the homes of our land."

What action can we take?

The first move is to study what has been done successfully elsewhere, then adapt that and our own common-sense ideas to local use. In Phoenix, Ariz., for instance, an outraged Kiwanis Club committee became effectively militant. Members included Methodists, Presbyterians, Jews, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and a Catholic.

They elected the Catholic chairman, then visited drug-stores and other places where magazines were sold. They inspected all the literature displayed and demanded, under threat of legal action, that certain items be withdrawn at once. In every case those publications were removed.

The merchants' explanation is usually: "Unless we stock this filth, the distributors won't let us have the decent magazines from which we make most of our profits." The old financial squeeze!

Thus any committee must attack distributors as well as retailers, then go beyond them to the publishers. And it has to be a private-citizen job; there simply aren't enough police to keep tab on the insidious panderers.

In Cincinnati, a young attorney, Charles H. Keating,

Jr., former All-American swimming champion and a Navy fighter pilot, formed a committee to educate the public and bring suit against law violators. His Citizens for Decent Literature is credited with virtually ending the menace in that city.

But vigilance can never be relaxed; the filth peddlers, given half a chance, will slip right back in. On the national scale, pornography brings racketeers an estimated \$500 million a year. About 75 per cent of sales, representing some 70 million copies of magazines a month, goes directly to juveniles. Panderers will fight hard to keep such a rich market.

Law-enforcement groups warn that juvenile delinquency stems at least in part from the demoralizing influence of exposure to obscenity and pornography. A U.S. Senate subcommittee found that almost all young criminals convicted of armed robbery, extortion, embezzlement, and forgery were early collectors of obscene pictures and films. Also, almost every sex criminal, including sex murderers, is addicted to pornographic and sadistic material.

The best way to trip up the filth publishers is via the mails. Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, who is waging a campaign to jail panderers, puts it this way:

"The purveyors of filth are with complete arrogance violating the homes of the nation in defiance of the federal government. They are dumping pornographic sewage into the family mailbox—material intended to solicit the sale of utterly obscene pictures, slides, films, and related trash.

"Your children may never be exposed to this material—but they could be victims of sex criminals who have been exposed to it."

In a single year, he adds, the Postal Inspection Service investigated 14,000 obscenity complaints. Nearly two thirds were from parents, objecting to the receipt of lewd materials by their children. And for each complaint received, the Service knows at least 1,000 more should have been made; many parents take no action. Inspectors, in 4,000 investigations, caused the arrest of 293 suspects, an increase of 45 per cent over the previous year. However, convictions are hard to get because of vague laws and reluctance of parents to prosecute.

**H**OW do filth merchants obtain the names and addresses of children? One way is to offer, in a routine advertisement in a legitimate publication, a product of interest to a boy or girl—stamps, model airplanes, doll clothes—at bargain prices. The child, usually with a parent's assistance, buys the item. Now the smut dealer has the child's name on his list—and soon the youngster is receiving lewd solicitations through the mail. Racketeers also buy prepared mailing lists of names, gathered from grade-school rosters, high-school yearbooks, even stolen from Sunday-school rosters.

"Recently we conducted a raid in New York City," Mr. Summerfield reports, "and confiscated 17 tons of highly obscene printed and filmed materials, and a mailing list of 100,000 children."

In one city, a father of three teen-age sons borrowed one's coat and in the pocket found a book of lewd photos and stories. The 15-year-old said he had answered an

ad, then found another boy at school selling the trash.

Investigation traced this source to a man who had \$50,000 worth of printed matter in his car and home. He was making a fortune—but had violated only enough laws to draw a \$250 fine. The boy's father spent considerably more than that in the investigation and prosecution.

**E**VEN so, parents must face their obligations. Postal authorities legally identify and take action against violators of the mails only on complaint of citizens who receive such material. So be alert. Watch your mail. If anything seems questionable, save all the materials received, including the envelopes and all enclosures, and deliver them with your complaint to your local postmaster. Then alert your neighbors, newspapers, radio and TV stations, church friends, and pastor. Some post offices now are suggesting that church bulletins enlist the co-operation of members in bringing violations to the attention of authorities.

The U.S. Department of Justice and Mr. Summerfield agree that most control efforts must be concentrated in the states and local communities for two basic reasons: First, the police power and control of morals are primarily state and local functions. And secondly, federal activities in this field are being increasingly curbed by court decisions.

The Supreme Court, for example, recently ruled that the mail must be open to magazines promoting homosexuality and nudism "because they represent the standards of any American community."

I deny that these are the standards of any American community and I feel that the court will, in time, listen to an expression of mass indignation from the people.

Charles D. Ablard, a Methodist layman and judicial officer for the postmaster general, says specifically, "The most effective work in controlling this filth must be done by the local communities through Parent-Teacher Associations and other groups. The role of the federal government is secondary."

What "other groups"? I mentioned effective action by one Kiwanis Club. Many others in Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, Exchange, Optimists, and comparable organizations have moved effectively. It is feasible for such clubs to take this matter on as a nation-wide crusade. The aims of these organizations are almost identical—simply an expression of the Christian ideal. Any concerted effort among them, experts say, could knock pornography out of the country in 12 months. If their women got behind the movement, they could do it in six months. In Chicago, to name just one city, women *are* getting into the fight. There the United Church Women, made up of Protestant and Orthodox congregations, are campaigning to wipe out filth.

On the national scene, Methodists are actively in the fight. Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, Board of Temperance general secretary, is president of the Churchmen's Commission for Decent Publications. He directs this Protestant group's fight for adequate smut-control laws.

The Board, under a General Conference mandate, is working meanwhile to suppress salacious literature. Available from it is Mr. Cannon's informative pamphlet, *A Sickness in Society*. As chairman of the Re-



search Committee of the Churchmen's Commission, Mr. Cannon has appeared before Congressional committees seeking stronger laws. So have other Methodist clergymen.

Any fight against the mail traffic will not be easy. Panderers have found many escape hatches. Even so, it may be easier than controlling person-to-person sales.

Millions of lewd comic books, photos, and movies are sold by street-corner peddlers near schools and even on school grounds. These depraved creatures approach children with ingratiating sales talks. "Just for fun," they'll say, "take this free copy, share it in secret with your friends. Bring me a quarter tomorrow and I'll give you something even spicier. We'll have a secret club. Lots of fun, hey?"

The child may sense that teachers and parents wouldn't approve, yet the lure is strong and the sin an easy, thrilling one to commit. Sometimes, especially with the high-school set, boys and girls are lured to filthy movies or they rent films for their own private showings. If parents knew how nauseating those films are, they'd be shocked by even one glimpse! They show unspeakable depravities in intimate detail. Even worse, the producers often use actors of high-school age.

I saw one devoted mother, who wouldn't believe such "exaggerated accusations," go into hysterics when police screened one confiscated film for her. It had been taken in a raid on her son's high-school "club" meeting, at which girls were present.

It is apparent, then, that our long-range field of action must be in education. We must first alert the children themselves, then get their quiet confidence and their promise to report any mail or in-person sales approaches.

Decent kids hear about the vile traffic, but many are reluctant to "tattle." Yet they are intelligent, with an instinctive sense of values; we have only to help them see the horror and we'll have the best possible allies—like the teen-ager in Los Angeles.

There a fantastic traffic in "pictures of movie stars" had been built up, until one boy bought a set for \$1, took them to his dad, and announced, "I think this smells. Shouldn't it be stopped?"

Dad didn't accuse the school authorities or scream to the newspapers. He went quietly—just as any parent can—to the city detective bureau, whose men trapped the filth peddlers and the higher-up.

We know that innocent boys and girls are motivated by curiosity; our job is to see that they understand. Even in this enlightened age, and even in devout church families, that priceless rapport shown between the Los Angeles father and son does not always exist. Too often there's hostility. An initial break-through here is imperative. The responsibility for it is the parents'.

What is the Church's obligation?

It is to lead the way. We professed Christians and our friends in other religions have a primary obligation here. Almost every church offers guidance toward happy parent-child relationships. Also, almost every church has some organizations similar to Methodist Men's clubs or the WSCS. These groups have incredible power—usually unused.

No matter who you are or where you live, the danger is at your door—now.

# The Church and

# Smut

WHAT can the Church do about the menace of filth? One answer is provided by the Rev. Ralph A. Cannon, pastor of St. James Church in Spartanburg, S.C., and author of *A Sickness in Society*, an analysis of sex exploitation on the newsstands. The booklet is available from the Board of Temperance, 100 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C., for 25¢.

The success of pornography in our nation [Mr. Cannon writes] indicates something of the failure of our society to provide a sound alternative to the Victorian prudery against which we are reacting. Past generations pretended the body did not exist. We have gone in the opposite direction. We have come close to denying the spirit and limiting sex to its biological side.

As God planned it, sex is the means of expressing a love which is the union not only of two bodies, but of two persons. The Christian faith provides us with the insight that in limiting sex to its physical side we reveal that we are using sex for selfish purposes.

This selfishness is at the root of the sickness of our society and this sickness is one that only the Christian faith has the depth of insight to cure. Because our chief sin is pride, we employ sex to glorify ourselves. We exalt ourselves as gods, defy God's purpose, and claim sex as our own possession.

The Christian faith gives us insight into why we seek escape into sensuality and unbridled indulgence in pleasure. Our pride has separated us from God, and this separation confronts us with guilt, the threat of meaninglessness, and the fear of death. Our reaction is to flee from these into the temporary haven of sensuality.

But the Church also has the message of redemption. God's forgiveness overcomes our pride. He gives us new hope and enables us to grow toward maturity in all areas of life. The Christian has real freedom because he surrenders himself to God's purpose.

In the realm of sex, this surrender manifests itself in mature love between persons for whom sex is like a sacrament—a physical expression of a mutual commitment in which two become one in the bonds of fidelity and love.

This is the task of the Church: to proclaim to society the only cure for its sickness.

Parents, youngsters, and teachers team up to set  
ground rules for parties, dating, and driving.

# This Social Code for Teen-Agers **Works!**

By AL HESTER

THE STEADY, bass boom of a record player jarred the air as the roomful of junior-high teen-agers milled around, eating and talking. Barbara Smith, a pony-tailed ninth-grader, was giving a party. It was a school night, but Barbara's parents weren't home. A clock, chiming 11, was unheard above the din—except by Linda Johnson, 15 and pretty, who looked up anxiously.

"Don!" She turned to her date. "I should have been home long ago!" A pained expression crossed the boy's face. "Nobody else has left yet," he protested. "We can't be the first." Then, as Linda pleaded, he grudgingly relented. "OK, kill-joy," he snapped. "Let's go."

As they hurriedly put on their jackets and left, another boy, spotting them, sneered, "What's wrong, Linda? Your mother waiting up?"

Actually, he was right. When Linda arrived home, both parents were waiting for her. "You were supposed to be home at 10 o'clock, young lady," her mother burst out. And her father announced angrily, "There'll be no more parties this month."

Linda was near tears. "You never understand," she cried over her shoulder as she ran to her room. "The kids made fun of us for leaving when we did!"

An isolated incident? Hardly. Parents "never understand" when their teen-agers stay out late. And

the trouble is likely to stem from the grownups, who seldom realize that their children are troubled about what they do—yet go along with the crowd to avoid ridicule.

Now, at long last, a new approach is helping to break down this agonizing lack of communication between young people and parents. It's the Code of Social Conduct, adopted by students of Benjamin Franklin Junior High School in Dallas, Tex., and their parents. And it's preventing countless family arguments while







*Linda was near tears. "You never understand," she cried over her shoulder as she ran to her room. "The kids made fun of us for leaving when we did!"*

helping teen-agers resist crowd pressure.

Three years ago 2,000 youngsters, then entering the school, voluntarily signed the first "contracts" with their parents. Now every year new students agree to follow the code. The plan has spread, too, to other communities across the nation.

"The code is really a family pact," explains Mrs. Matthew Barcellona, one of the PTA leaders who helped formulate it. "It's a bridge of understanding to bring the two generations of a family together. It places the

responsibility on parents and teen-agers alike."

The questions the code faces are familiar ones:

How late should teen-agers stay out? When should they begin dating? What can you do about party crashers?

"It's no cure-all," says one parent, "but it does give you ground rules. Both you and your kids know where you stand."

"The code is a personal thing," explains Gordon Apple, principal at the junior high. "Signing it is volun-

tary, and signers' names are kept confidential. Our students rely on it heavily when they plan social functions." And Dr. W. T. White, school superintendent, describes it as "a most constructive document." He adds, "The fact that the young people joined in developing it gives it a grass-roots authority which it wouldn't have if it had been handed down by adults."

Many parents believe one of the code's best features is that it cuts down on social activities, freeing the younger teens for more school work. Under the code's terms, only a few school and church affairs, and no social activities, are allowed on school nights. Hours for weekend dates are on a sliding scale, depending on the student's age and the formality of the occasion. In every case the hours listed are maximums; individual parents are free to set their own limits.

The code recognizes no formal dates for seventh-graders. It sets 10 p.m. for ending their home parties and 10:30 as the deadline for other events. Eighth-graders have a 10 p.m. curfew for general dating and 10:30 for home parties or activities rated as semiformal. For formal events, their deadline is 11 o'clock.

Ninth-graders must be home at 10:30 from all dates except formals, where the 11 p.m. deadline holds.

Allen Rozelle, last year's student-council president, is enthusiastic. "It has given us a standard to go by," he says of the code. "The kids live up to it."

This parent-teens compact has been especially effective in preventing "out of hand" parties. Under the code, parents not only must be in the area of the house where parties are taking place, but must see that the rooms are adequately lighted.

Even if some parents fail to live up to their part, the code can still work. One girl reported: "We went to a home party one night and someone turned off the lights. No adult was in the room. Several of us said we couldn't stay because we were under the code and walked out. Pretty soon four or five other kids did the same thing and then there wasn't much of a party left. Nobody's going to call you chicken for being under the code."

Attractively printed in pocket-

# When Power Seeps Away



By **ROY L. SMITH**

THE ACTS of the Apostles in our New Testament is a forthright recital of some amazing results from the living and preaching of spirit-filled men. Except for the help that came from divine sources, the Church would never have survived its many adversities.

The failure of the modern church to give proper instruction in the matter of the Holy Spirit has resulted in a generation of powerless Christians—men and women unable to hold out against the intense pressures of temptation, opposition, ridicule, and loneliness.

The major problem in every Christian life is the achievement of power. There is scarcely a day when we do not stand in dire need of spiritual reinforcements. The pressures of modern life are so insistent, so sinister, that nothing less than divine aid enables us to measure up to the demands that inevitably will be made upon us.

"I do not know why I should have caved in," said one young mother. "Now that it is all over I have a feeling that I was actually unclean. I had no intention of doing anything wrong. I guess I was just swept off my feet by the crowd. But I am so terribly ashamed."

In the midst of a social situation concerning which she had been

warned, she had surrendered to the pressure of her associates and indulged in behavior that was to her, as she remembered it, repulsive. And the most hopeful aspect of the situation was that she was ashamed. But her shame was helpless to alter the past. Her soul had been required of her and she had foolishly squandered it!

Perhaps the most serious step she had taken was to deliberately compromise with her conscience. She deliberately did that which she had long believed to be wrong. Then with the sense of guilt upon her soul, she found her soul's strength ebbing away. No person, feeling guilty, ever feels strong at the same time. After that it was inevitable that she would do more wrong. And she did, with highly disastrous results that left scars on her soul.

She caved in because she had not stood guard over her own soul, her own sense of right, her own inner citadel of conscience. In the face of temptation she was without the power that comes with the approval of the Holy Spirit.

Shakespeare has put the matter in an epigram: "Conscience does make cowards of us all." But it is much more than cowardice that follows upon an accusing conscience. It is powerlessness.

sized booklets, the code is divided into sections which spell out the responsibilities of students and parents alike. Among duties which parents agree to accept: To make their homes available as "natural centers" for young people's social activities; to be present and "in evidence" throughout the evening; to see that no party crashers spoil the fun; to know, when their young people go out, where they are going and with whom; to allow reasonable privacy for their children's dates at home, but to encourage group or double dating rather than single dates; to forbid their children to drive until granted a license.

The teen-agers, for their part, agree to abide by the hours specified in the code when planning their social events; to respect the feelings and property of others at athletic events, on buses, in cars, and at other times; to refrain from driving until properly licensed (at 16, generally, in Texas); to drive with concern for the safety of others; to ride only in a car driven by a licensed driver; to leave any car being driven carelessly or illegally.

A special provision calls on parents to prohibit car dates for girls under 15. Older girls agree to decide with their parents on a definite time for returning from a date. Boys agree to "respect and conform" to the time and to notify both sets of parents whenever unavoidable delays upset the agreed-upon schedule.

Since its inception, minor alterations have been made in the code by joint student-parent action. For example, one unforeseen problem was how to set a curfew on interclass dates, where younger and older students go out together in couples. In these cases it was decided to let the later hours prevail.

That the code may furnish an almost universal basis for teen-age living is seen in the fact that favorable news stories have carried word of its accomplishments to almost every country; nation-wide radio programs have dealt with it, and such organizations as the New England Crime Commission, the American Municipal Association (representing 13,000 cities) and Chicago's famous Hull House are using it. The Dallas code, it appears, is a family compact that really works.



# Fireboat Pilot & Family



*At home: Philadelphians Dumah and Bernetta Reid pose with sons John and Drexel. Not shown is Larry, now in the U.S. Navy.*

AT 49, gray-templed Dumah Reid still has the physique and easy movement of a natural athlete. But when he swings into action, much more is at stake than the outcome of a game. As pilot of one of Philadelphia's three fireboats, his job is saving lives and protecting property on the city's busy waterfront.

Technically, Dumah is still a city fireman. He joined the force in 1939, and served as acting lieutenant with a land fire company. He knows what it is to be smothered into unconsciousness by smoke, to be trapped in a flaming building, to see heat begin to melt the rubber boots you're wearing. These are occupational hazards with which he has learned to live.

About eight years ago, however, this minister's son with a biblical name transferred to the department's marine division and began a rigid two-year training program—including competitive Civil Service and tough Coast Guard exams—that ended in his appointment

▼ *Ready for trouble: Pilot Dumah Reid scans the waterfront near his ship, the Delaware, one of three city fireboats.*





## Fireboat Pilot (continued)

as pilot of the 79-foot, diesel-powered fireboat *Delaware*. He and an engineer, the vessel's two officers, see that it is always in top-notch readiness. Once under way, Dumah is in complete command. He has authority to disregard even the orders of a department superior if the ship's safety is threatened. After five years of piloting, he still welcomes the responsibility and looks forward to new challenges.

This trait of always giving his best is typical of Dumah's off-duty hours, too. He's a devoted father; he and his wife, Bernetta, a college-trained social worker, have reared three sons. Larry, the oldest at 21, will resume college after Navy service; Drexel, 20, is a sophomore; John, 18, now is "over the hump" as a freshman. Dumah



**Action:** Dumah leads the charge when an alarm sounds. He and a crew of four drill often to keep getaway time under three minutes.

▶ **Battle stations:** Each of three firemen-sailors has a deck job. At a fire, they man hoses while Reid and an engineer run the boat.







***Conflagration:** In 1955, Philadelphia's fireboats joined with land equipment to battle this alcohol-fed inferno, one of the city's biggest waterfront fires. Pilot Reid steered the shallow-draft Delaware close in, where a fire chief directed operations. Each of the boats has a pumping capacity of 6,000 gallons of water a minute.*





**Crusader:** Bernetta Reid founded a neighborhood civic league which got a court decree closing a bar in building above.



**Co-ordination:** It made John a high-school sports star—and comes in handy for a quick pants press.

**Money minder:** Finance Committee-man Dumah often visits Tindley Temple at midweek. George Outen (right) is the church's associate pastor.

## Fireboat Pilot (continued)

is active in his fraternal order, in the Big Brother organization, and in Scouting (he prizes a Silver Beaver award, for adult Scout leadership, above his old Eagle badge). Both he and his wife hold leadership posts in 5,629-member Tindley Temple Methodist Church, where the Reids were 1958 Family of the Year.

On these pages we are proud to present a pictorial visit with this family, fine representatives of the People Called Methodists.



▶ **Expert advice:** Home for a weekend, college sophomore Drexel asks his busy mother's opinion on a troublesome academic problem. He's studying to follow her career as a social worker.





*In every election, thousands are  
turned from the polls. The reason:*

# Most Voters Don't Know Their ABCs

By MARY JAYNE WILLIS



*Lapsed registration  
may cost countless citizens their  
voting rights this year.*

FRED JONES watched as the polling-place worker leafed through the precinct book for his name. He had no regrets for all the hours he had spent traveling the state, campaigning for Paul Smith. Every vote was important. But suddenly he heard the precinct book snap shut. The worker announced, "You can't vote. Your registration lapsed four years ago."

Fred Jones, dedicated American, had lost his vote! Unusual? Far from it. One year in Cleveland, Ohio, alone, 200,000 names were dropped for failure to vote within the previous two years!

Thousands of young women, for example, carelessly lose their vote when they marry. Like Marion. She had been married only six months when Don, her husband, decided to run for councilman. Marion swept into his campaign activities. She typed, phoned, arranged meetings. Then, just before election, she realized she had forgotten her own registration. It was still in her maiden name. That meant she couldn't vote—even for her husband!

After election Marion reregistered under her new name. The Election Board clerk gave her a pamphlet

explaining her state's voting laws. Similar booklets are issued by most boards. Other reliable sources are the League of Women Voters, Citizens' Leagues, and political-party headquarters.

An estimated 3 million other Americans each year lose their right to vote simply because they move.

Bob and Peggy are typical of these families on the move. They have lived in seven states in the last nine years and until recently had just about given up hope of ever voting again. Then Bob's newest boss called the Election Board and learned that his state permits new residents to vote in presidential elections. Actually, many states are following this pattern. And much to the chagrin of Bob and Peggy, they learned further that they could have voted in the last presidential election—by using an easy-to-obtain absentee ballot. For instance, in Ohio, if you will be more than 10 miles from your precinct, and absent from your county, on Election Day, or if you are unable to go to the polls because of disability, you are eligible to vote as an absentee.

How about those whose moves involve only a few miles—the 12 mil-

lion who move within their own county each year?

Ted and Nancy were typical—apartment dwellers who finally bought a home in a suburb in the same county. Everything was right—except for inadequate sewers. An additional levy for new pipes was scheduled for the local ballot. If it didn't pass, property owners in the development would have to pay for the additional facilities themselves. But when Ted and Nancy stepped into the polling place, they were told they could not vote—they had failed to change their registration address.

So remember, when you change residence, inform your board.

Remember, too, that when your child reaches 21 [less in Georgia, Kentucky, Alaska, Hawaii] he can vote. As a parent, it is your duty to make sure he registers. Thoughtful parents should heed the words of Mrs. Rollin Brown, past president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, who says: "Only if all citizens cast considered ballots can we be sure that the desires of the majority will be known and the rights of the minority safeguarded."

Isn't that the result which all Americans really want?

*It was an ordinary Sunday. Everything  
was as usual. Yet it was the most significant day of my life.  
On that Sunday I baptized*

# My Father

By SHIGEO SHEMADA

SEPTEMBER 6, 1953, was an ordinary Sunday. Everything was as usual. Yet it was the most significant day in my life. On that Sunday I baptized my own father.

My father, a Buddhist and a Shintoist, was a public-school teacher in Japan. He was a good teacher; his only interest was to see his pupils grow in wisdom and character. He put all his heart and mind in his work. And today quite a few of his pupils are outstanding leaders in his city.

Not only was he a good teacher, but he has also been a wonderful father to his four children. My mother passed away when I, their oldest son, was 11 and my father 37. His friends advised him to be married again but he remained a widower for 10 years. He did not mention why, but we, his children, knew that he was afraid we might have a wrong stepmother. He was willing to sacrifice himself for his children.

His salary was not big enough to support and educate his children. So he had an extra job. In daytime he was a teacher and at night a laborer, making small boxes for cakes. I said to myself, "When I grow up I will pay him for his sacrifice."

When I was 16 I started going to a Methodist church and a year later I was baptized. My father did not seem to be against Christianity at that time.

When I was 20 I was drafted. During my army life, I came to a crossroad. I had to make a choice between becoming an army officer or a minister of Christ.

The captain of my company opened for me the way of becoming an army officer. It was really a good chance. Only one out of 4,000 soldiers could get such a chance. My father, my relatives, and all my good friends advised me unanimously to take that chance.

But my heart was listening to the small voice of Christ: "Don't take the sword; if you do, you will perish with your own sword. Take the Bible. The Bible will be your weapon in life."

Finally, I surrendered to that small voice and made up my mind to be-

come a minister of Christ. When I was discharged, I asked my father to allow me to become a minister. But he refused. His reasons were traditional ones in Japan.

He said, "My son, you are my first son. If you were my second or third son, I wouldn't care whether you became a Buddhist priest or a Christian minister. But since you are my first, I have to depend upon you. I am getting old and I have to retire in a few years. So, as your father, I order you to settle down in my town and have a family."

He certainly deserved to make







*When I was cast out from my home, I prayed God to give me a chance to make my father a Christian and to baptize him with my hand. Twenty-five years later, Christ answered my prayer.*

lious son. Get out of my house and never come back. I will never forgive you."

He lost his temper and struck my back really hard and cast me out from his house. But, in front of that house I prayed God to give me a chance to make my father a Christian and to baptize him with my own hand.

I entered the Kwansei-Gokuin School of Theology, a Methodist-supported university. One of my relatives gave me a letter in which he mentioned, "The town folks are criticizing you, saying you are the worst son in the city. Christianity made you such a treacherous son."

Yes, according to the traditional thinking, I was the worst son in my city.

I studied five years in the school of theology. After graduation I was ordained and appointed to a small Methodist church in Osaka. I preached there for two years. Then I came to America for further study.

While I was studying here World War II broke out. War changed all my plans. I had to stay in America and take care of the Japanese people.

Then, about five years ago, a great challenge came to my heart. I heard a small voice again: "Now the time has come. You have to make your father a Christian. If you cannot convert him to Christianity, you are a false prophet."

Ever since I left home my father had been hating Christianity. I hesitated to accept this great challenge. But I realized that it was my responsibility. I had to accept it.

So I said to myself, "If I cannot make my father a Christian, I will announce in public that I am a failure as a minister. I am the worst minister in the world."

I told my decision to my wife and asked her co-operation. And so she started to save money to invite my father to America. Then I wrote to my father in Japan. I mentioned two points clearly:

1. Please come to America and see Christianity in action with your own eyes. America is a Christian nation. My home is a Christian home. Please give me a chance to teach you Christianity; and if you come to the conclusion that Christianity is the best religion in the world, please let me baptize you. But if you still believe in

such a request. He sacrificed his life for his children. Now he ordered me to make a little sacrifice for him. But I was profoundly convinced that I had to become a minister. It was a high calling. So I said to him, "My father, God ordered me to become a minister. I cannot be disloyal to God."

My father could not understand that point. He said to me with an angry voice, "God never orders anyone to be disobedient to his father. If your God so ordered, then he is not God at all. He is a devil. If you are going to leave your father behind and choose your own way, you are a rebel-



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"  
—JOHN WESLEY

A Sunday-school teacher was telling her junior class about Paul. One member had a dreamy, faraway look in his eye.

"Johnny," the teacher asked, "are you learning anything?"

"No, ma'am," the boy replied quickly, "I'm just listening to you."

—TIM CHAMBERS, *Littlefield, Tex.*

During a severe windstorm, the family went down to the basement to wait. Once there, little Jimmy asked his mother, "Why did God make this storm?" His mother said she didn't know.

Then his sister Kathy piped up: "Maybe he pushed the wrong button!"

—MARILYN MILLER, *Grundy Center, Iowa*

Our five-year-old daughter, dressing for church one Sunday, asked if we were getting rid of the minister.

Surprised at her question I answered, "No; why would we do that?"

"Well," she replied, "he gets up and talks every Sunday, but no one ever claps."

—MRS. RUBY CASTOR, *Muncie, Ind.*

Little Linda's diplomacy was proved one day when she found that she and her three playmates all belonged to different churches. One was a Lutheran, one a Catholic, one a Presbyterian, and one a Methodist.

Before her mother could offer words of wisdom, Linda settled it.

"It really doesn't matter if we all go to different churches, just as long as we are all Republicans!"

—MRS. LEONARD WORKMAN, *Wichita, Kans.*

*Other TOGETHER readers will enjoy your favorite church-related story, so send it in today. If we print it, you will receive \$5. Contributions cannot be returned.—Eps.*

Buddhism, it will be all right with me.

2. My two children want to see their grandfather. Please come and see them.

My father did not like the first point at all. But he could not ignore the second. He came to America, but only because he wanted to see his grandchildren and his daughter-in-law.

He arrived at Seattle airport June 10, 1953. I was there to meet him. He entered the Immigration office; I waited out in front. Then he went to the customhouse, where I could join him.

My father looked so tired. So I made him sit down on a chair. But a funny thing—my father did not recognize me as his son. He thought I was an interpreter! And I was taking it for granted that he recognized me, even though 25 years had passed since I left my home.

I asked him, "My father, how was the airplane trip?" He answered in the polite manner and humble attitude! "My dear sir, it was the most pleasant trip I ever took." There are many formal and polite words in the Japanese language and my father certainly knew them all. He used many of them in the conversation with me. I was surprised and said to myself, "My goodness! Nowadays in Japan the simple conversation between father and son must be very formal and polite. All right, I will be formal, too."

So I said to him, "My dear sir, I am very happy to know that you have enjoyed your trip." And for a while, we said to each other, "Dear sir, yes sir, no sir," and so on and so forth. I was not comfortable at all.

Then my father said to me, "By the way, dear sir, my son is somewhere upstairs. Would you please find him?" I was greatly shocked and said to him in the informal way, "What's the big idea, Daddy? I am your son."

Then he was greatly shocked and said in the most informal way, "Oh, my goodness. You are so fat!"

Thus our reunion was a perfect comedy. We just laughed and laughed.

My father stayed with us four months. I came to realize that a teaching of mere words will not make a Christian. But kindness and

sincerity, I thought, may change his mind and convert him. Thus I served him as his son, not as a minister. My wife did her part well. Without her co-operation I would have been unable to convert him.

My two children did their part with the missionary spirit. They told the story of Jesus to their grandfather, showing various pictures. My father enjoyed it.

When my vacation came, I took him to famous places on the West Coast. He was profoundly impressed by the Stanford University chapel. He was deeply inspired by the two great pictures at the Forest Lawn in Los Angeles—the picture of the Last Supper and the picture of Jesus at Calvary.

On August 30, 1953, my father had a chance to broadcast his impression about America. He spoke in Japanese. I translated it. At the end of his talk he said, "I have been hating Christianity for a long time. But now I realize that I have been wrong. Christianity is the wonderful religion and I have found that Christianity is the foundation of the educational system and social service and everyday living of all people in America. I have made up my mind to become a Christian. I will be baptized by my son next Sunday in his church."

Yes, the next Sunday he was baptized by me. It was an ordinary Sunday, but to me it was the day of victory—the victory of Christ. My father was a trinity of traditionalism, Buddhism, and nationalism. His baptism meant the victory of Christ over the traditionalism, over Buddhism, and over narrow nationalism.

My father is in Japan now. He is a member of a former Methodist church in his town and helping his minister.

His minister wrote to me: "Since your father came back from America and joined our church, some lawyers, some doctors, some college professors, and some businessmen started coming to our church. They are former pupils of your father. Your father still has a wonderful influence upon his former pupils."

When I was cast out from my home, I prayed God to give me a chance to make my father a Christian and to baptize him with my hand. Twenty-five years later, in His own way, Christ answered my prayer.



*Thanks to Operation Bootstrap:*

# PUERTO RICO

## Is Growing Up *FAST!*



ONE THOUSAND miles southeast of Miami, the mild Caribbean trade winds blow softly across the commonwealth of Puerto Rico, an island awash with beauty and romance, meeting place of old Spain and modern America. Today this bit of U. S. soil, once content to laze in the golden sun, is taking giant strides into an era of unprecedented prosperity and growth.

Columbus landed here in 1493. Ponce de Leon became the first governor in 1508. The armed might of British, Dutch, and French legions battered unsuccessfully at its massive stone fortresses until the U. S. wrested Puerto Rico from Spain in the Spanish-American war.

For 400 years, Puerto Rico (which means "Rich Port") was sleeping, poor, unpromising. Then, in 1940, it happened: the slumbering giant awoke to its social evils, to its squalor, unemployment, illiteracy, illegitimacy, malnutrition, low wages, disease. Still more recently, with an energy seldom equaled by an underdeveloped land, Puerto Rico embarked on a completely new way of life. Progress has been so great that each year around 1,000 official visitors from scores of countries come to study the once-backward island now lifting itself by its own bootstraps. Quietly but steadily, slums are giving way to housing projects, business is booming, imports and exports are soaring, and thousands of tourists are flocking to Puerto Rico's palm-fringed shores.

At every point, helping and guiding as the vast social, educational, and religious revolution continues to gain momentum, is The Methodist Church, which, in 1960, is marking its 60th meaningful year on the island.

*Old Fort: San Geronimo (foreground) protected San Juan from land attack; nearby mighty El Morro defied the great sea powers for hundreds of years.*



*New generation: These young ladies are youth leaders in the Methodist church at the University of Puerto Rico.*







PUERTO RICO is one of the world's most beautiful islands. Lofty mountains rise from the coast, hiding valleys that are green and fertile and threaded with silver streams. There are waterfalls, sandy beaches, and 300 miles of coastline in an endless variety of scenery. There are no venomous snakes. And the weather is seldom too hot or too cold.

Here, crowded into a land roughly 100 miles long by 35 miles wide, live nearly 2.5 million people, making it one of the most densely populated areas in the world. San Juan, the capital, is 100 years older than New York City. Its people, American citizens since 1917, serve in our armed forces and are governed by federal laws, but they do not elect senators or representatives to the U. S. Congress—nor do they pay federal income taxes.

Education has played a leading role in the transformation which is taking Puerto Rico from slums to housing projects, from a one-crop system to a diversified agriculture balanced by a greatly increased industrial output.

As a result, Puerto Rico is a land of growing hope, where an amazing industrial and economic spurt in the last decade has won its people one of the highest living standards in all Latin America.

*Architectural gem and center of higher education is Puerto Rico's 15,000-student university.*

*Squatter shacks in slum areas now are giving way to thousands of co-op houses like the one below.*







*Since 1948, some 500 factories, with an investment of more than \$300 million, have been established. While sugar cane (below) is the No. 1 crop today, industry has created 40,000 jobs, ranging from work in refineries (left) to modern toy factories (above).*







*Square-dance time means happy faces at an in*

ALTHOUGH the Puerto Rican government is building public schools rapidly, many still must hold double sessions. Enrollment in all schools from kindergarten to university is twice as high as 20 years ago; four out of every five children now attend classes. The amount spent on education is estimated at almost eight times what it was in 1940. Illiteracy, which once afflicted the majority of the population, is disappearing.

In Puerto Rico, 15,000 children are attending church-sponsored daily schools. With four other Protestant denominations, The Methodist Church supports Union Theological Seminary near the University of Puerto Rico at Rio Piedras. And thanks to a Methodist youth center near Mameyes, in the mountainous heart of the island, more and more congregations are being supplied with thoroughly trained lay leaders.

◀ *Off to classes: Where? At the popular Villa Palmeras church-run school.*





ate camp in central Puerto Rico.



Church rummage sale: Those too poor to buy may barter.

▼ "I pledge allegiance..." Like all Puerto Ricans, these Scouts are U. S. citizens—and proud of it.







*Methodist preachers meet...*



*...another church goes up...*



*...and missionary work continues.*



*Sign of the times: the new church on picturesque Vieques Island, six miles offshore.*







*Methodism's Villa Palmeras school teaches English to Spanish-speaking pupils.*

METHODISM's traditional concern for education goes back to John Wesley. It became evident in Puerto Rico in 1902, two years after the first Methodist missionary arrived, with the founding of the George O. Robinson school in suburban San Juan. An English-speaking institution, it started as an orphanage but now is a coeducational school with an enrollment of some 350 boys and girls.

Supported by the WDCS, the Robinson school carries out an extension program in co-operation with the Division of National Missions and the Puerto Rico Conference, a part of the Philadelphia Area since 1952. The school, in this enterprise, establishes kindergartens, and primary and grade schools, in close relationship to local Methodist churches.

Intensive work by American Prot-

estants was started on the island as soon as it became a U. S. territory. The denominations agreed to zone their work, with Methodists concentrating on the northern part of the island. The church also is active in social and religious work on the nearby islands of Vieques and St. Croix.

The majority of Puerto Rican Methodists are found among the poor. In addition to at least 8,000 of these full members, the Methodist constituency includes some 5,000 preparatory members, about 100 churches, 130 other preaching places, and almost 50 pastors, all native Puerto Ricans. Actually these Methodist clergymen are social workers as well as preachers. They spend much of their time taking people to hospitals and welfare agencies, or helping them find jobs in the island's expanding economy.



*Kindergarten tot: she's one of thousands of Puerto Rican children in church-sponsored schools.*



TALL OFFICE buildings and luxurious hotels are going up at a steady rate in Puerto Rico today. Express highways are weaving communities together. The population is shifting from slums to new housing projects, some similar to the giants already developed on the U. S. mainland. One now nearing completion in San Juan, for example, will consist of 11,000 dwelling units, plus marketing, school, and church facilities.

"Each new housing project is a challenge to co-operative Protestantism and to The Methodist Church," says Dr. Tomas Rico Soltero, superintendent of Methodist work in Puerto Rico. "It is a new opportunity for expansion. It is a new responsibility to follow our people, who will be moving to them."

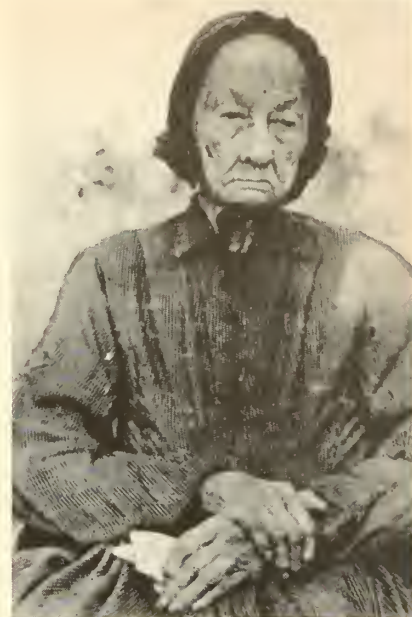
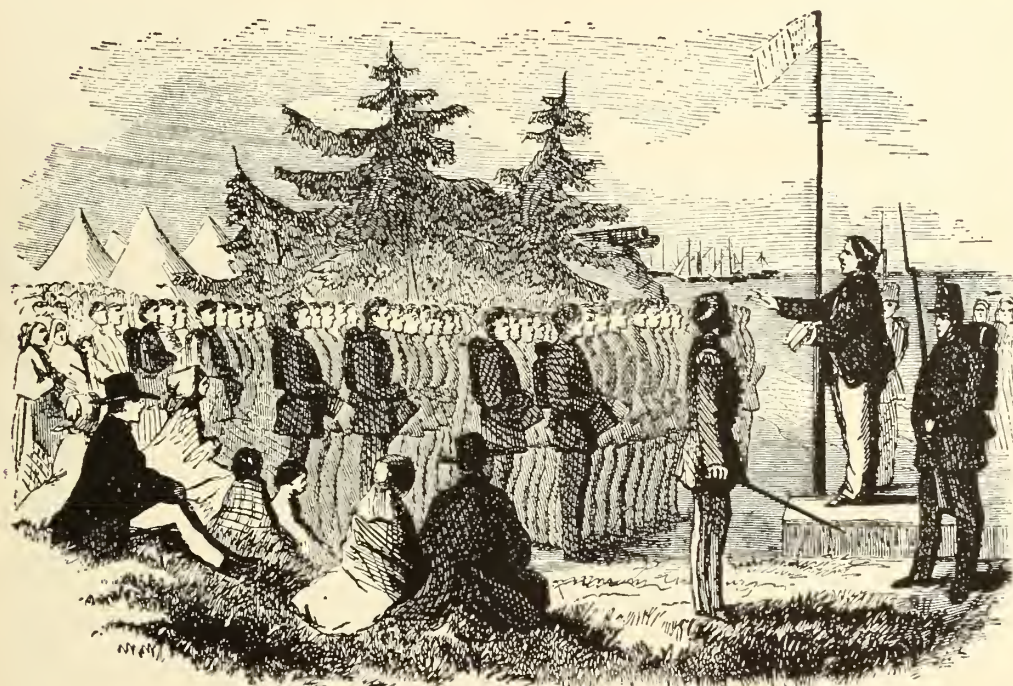
With membership increasing at the rate of nearly 1,000 a year, the church has been hard-pressed to provide adequate facilities in the new communities. And in the years ahead, despite some impressive achievements, Methodism faces many challenging problems. But, like the people of Puerto Rico, it has every determination to tackle them with vigor, understanding—and faith.



Her pennies will go toward building a church in one of the island's many new housing projects.

Facing the future: A young couple is married at the church's famous George O. Robinson school.





*The parson had a dire prophecy for the redcoats, and Mrs. Kelly (above) recalled it well.*

## *About Pokerville, a Prophetic Parson, and John Wesley on Itinerant Ministers*

SOME MONTHS ago, S. R. SPENCE of Tangier, Va., wrote us about the REV. JOSHUA THOMAS, the "parson of the islands," who was mentioned in *Methodist Island, U.S.A.* [August, 1959, page 62]. Thomas, we noted, brought Methodism to the Chesapeake Bay islands by canoe in the early 1800s. Mr. Spence tells us that one day in 1814, "on Tangier beach, the parson came upon 12,000 British redcoats. The British were planning to bombard Fort McHenry, take North Point, and then move on to capture Baltimore.

The parson, however, was cordially received and invited by the officers to say a few words to the men who were soon to enter battle. He warned the gathered troops:

You cannot take Baltimore; the Almighty God has told me so! If you attack that city, as I understand you are going to do, you will not only suffer defeat, you will lose your best general!

That was 146 years ago—but Mr. Spence, a man writing the story in

the atomic age, heard an account of this prophetic warning from a woman who was present that day! She was MRS. ELIZABETH KELLY [see photo] who lived to be 114 and recalled she had cooked bird pie for the British officers on Tangier beach in 1814. Born in 1796, Mrs. Kelly died in 1910 after having lived in three centuries.

As history records, the "parson of the islands" was right. Four days after his sermon, the British fleet returned the surviving redcoats to Tangier beach. Mr. Thomas went down to meet them.

"Parson, you were right," they told him. "We not only lost Baltimore after a hard and bitter fight, we lost hundreds of men and General [Robert] Ross, our best general."

The preacher arrived in Pokerville, Calif., a wild and woolly Gold Rush town, by way of the

Sacramento stage. They were all there to meet him—the cardsharps, the saloonkeepers, the riffraff, plus a reception committee of better-class citizens who had armed themselves to protect the man of God.

But this preacher needed no protection, writes DR. C. M. GOETHE, Sacramento historian and philanthropist.

Six feet six, he weighed 246 pounds with not an ounce of fat. His cheery greeting on alighting was, 'Anyone want a wrestling match before we start the meeting?' . . . Whatever public opinion was neutral quickly and respectfully crystallized in favor of this giant preacher. The cardsharps and the saloonkeepers went into a huddle. Business prospects looked worse than a Black Friday . . .

The name of that Methodist preacher may be lost to history, although some believe he was WILLIAM OWEN, a 49er revivalist who had selected the appropriately named camp of Pokerville as his first target. The lawless element was determined, however, that the revival in the



school building would never get started.

"The first night he was making a profound impression," Dr. Goethe continues. "Then through the window was hoisted a barrel. Out of it jumped three skunks. . . . The congregation melted as if 'fire!' had been shouted.

"The sky pilot was resourceful. Outside he asked the indignant crowd to resheathe their pistols. He explained all he needed was a bonfire."

Before its flames he preached a rousing sermon—so rousing that the name of Pokerville was changed that night to Plymouth. And today in Sacramento there's a memorial plaque, contributed by Dr. Goethe, which reads in part:

This marker is a memorial to hardy 49ers who more than a century ago passed this way . . . (and to) the Protestant pioneers who built the Gold Belt's first churches, such men as changed the name of 'Pokerville' to 'Plymouth.' Dedicated, 1958, Sacramento Council of Churches.

The name of JOHN WESLEY is inseparably bound with Methodism and Methodist history, whether here or abroad, and the 175th anniversary observation of the church in America continues to uncover more sidelights on the little Englishman whose life and good works still affect the destinies of millions all over the world.

Our illustrated feature, *His Mother Called Him 'Jackie'* [November, 1959, page 16], flushed out a rare old Currier and Ives print from one reader. It was sent along by THOMAS Z. TALLEY of Claymont, Del., who keeps the original among a collection of Methodist mementos. Currier and Ives (Nathaniel Currier, 1813-1888, and James Merritt Ives, 1824-1895) devoted most of some 4,000 lithographic color prints to early American subjects—games, Gold Rush, manners, customs. The mere fact that they produced this print of John Wesley preaching from his father's grave in England emphasizes the appeal he had for American families.

We cannot help wondering: how many others among our readers own this old Currier and Ives?

Speaking of old printing, John Street Church deep in New York City's financial district was called "old" even when the telephone was

**EVERY MAN, WOMAN and CHILD SHOULD CAREFULLY EXAMINE THE WORKINGS OF PROF. BELL'S Speaking and Singing Telephone,**  
Instantaneous Communication by Direct Sound,  
Giving the tones of the voice so that the person speaking can be recognized by the sound at the other end of the line.

The Sunday School of the  
**Old John Street M. E. Church,**  
Here, secured a fine number of Prof. A. G. Bell's TELEPHONE, well known EXHIBITION at the CHURCH, 44 & 46 JOHN ST. N. Y. class of 1877. It is a unique feature for the purpose of illustrating the Telephone, by asking questions, hearing the answers to their questions and taking in the singing conveyed through the Telephone from the other end of the line.  
**On Tuesday and Wednesday Afternoons**  
November 20th & 21st, 1877.  
From 11 A. M. until 2 P. M.  
Admission to either Afternoon Exhibition 15 Cents.

**AN ENTERTAINMENT**  
OF THE  
Sunday School of Old John St. M. E. Church  
WILL BE HELD  
IN THE CHURCH,  
TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 20th, 1877, at 7.30 P. M.  
CONSISTING OF  
RECITATIONS by PROF. S. SHANNON and McMULLEN,  
SINGING by LITTLE NELLIE TERRY and others  
also with the **TELEPHONE EXHIBITION.**  
ADMISSION TO EVENING ENTERTAINMENT 25 Cents.  
**COME AND SEE THE TELEPHONE**

new [see cut, above]. Two years after Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, scores of New Yorkers came to the church to witness a demonstration of this "speaking and singing" marvel. The first church at 44 John Street was built in 1768. That was 109 years before the poster shown here was printed. The rare photocopy is used through the courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York. (As some readers may know, the famed inventor was at one time a member of the faculty of Methodist-related Boston University.)

One of Methodism's most active historians is the REV. FREDERICK E. MASER, minister of another of our historic churches—Old St. George's in Philadelphia. He tells us he recently purchased at auction in England "the most important Wesley letter to turn up in recent years."

Now a part of the pastor's private Wesleyana collection, the letter throws light and understanding on Methodism's well-known (and sometimes controversial) practice of frequently changing ministers from pulpit to pulpit. Wrote the founder of Methodism to one Walker, a pastor, in Truro, England, September 3, 1756:

I know, were I myself to preach one whole year in one place, I should preach both myself and most of my congregation asleep. Nor can I believe it was ever the

will of our Lord that any congregation should have one teacher only. We have found by long and constant experience that a frequent change of preachers is best. This preacher has one talent, that another. No one whom I ever yet knew has all the talents which are needful for beginning, continuing, and perfecting the work of grace in a whole congregation.

That's only part of the long, well-preserved letter prized by Mr. Maser of Old St. George's—which, by the way, observed the 190th anniversary of the acquisition of its site and the shell of a building last November 24.

It has been 161 years since TOBIAS GIBSON left his home in South Carolina, preached to a few settlers in and around Natchez, Miss., and organized the first Methodist congregation west of Georgia and south of Tennessee.

The subsequent story of the church in Mississippi is told in a monumental special historical edition of the *Mississippi Methodist Advocate*, edited by the REV. SAM E. ASHMORE. The 48-page issue, full of pictures and features, points out that the first Methodist church in the state was organized in the village of Washington, six miles east of Natchez.

Eight people made up the first congregation, six white and two Negro members. The state of society before the establishment of the church there was described as very immoral, with little sense of religion, and drinking was the curse of the early settlers.

Mississippians can be proud of this fine publication, another commemorating the sesqui-quarto-centennial of the church in America. Incidentally, most people know that the word "centennial" means 100 years, but would be unable—as we were at first—to translate 175 years into appropriate Latin terminology. Then one editor who knows his numbers came up with the answer: sesqui-quarto-centennial! Now if that tongue twister still stumps you, perhaps the cartoon below will help clarify its meaning.





# Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"Privacy for making phone calls? Are you kidding? Around here I have to make my own privacy!"

**Q** A woman I baby-sit for complained to my mother about my using her phone. She says she tried 10 times last night to call me, but that the line was busy each time. All I did was talk with my friends. Don't sitters have the right to use telephones?—D.Y.

**A** I'm afraid they don't. Most parents feel baby sitters should use the phone only in case of an emergency. Then the parents can phone their home if they need to.

**Q** I'm 15. I go steady with a boy of 17. He wants to make out far too much. It is difficult for me because I like him a lot. Do all girls who go steady make out? It is wrong, isn't it?—S.S.

**A** Some girls make out, some don't. It is a rather common mistake, often leading to trouble. Your boy friend should respect you for your stand. If he is not willing to go steady without a lot of making out you'd better drop him.

**Q** My father is dead. My mother says I'm all she has. I don't enjoy going places with my mother the way I used to. Sometimes when she suggests

we go to a movie I make up excuses. This makes her feel bad. She says I don't love her any more. Really I do love her. What is wrong with me?—C.C.

**A** You are growing up. A few years ago it was fun to go to the movies with her. Now you probably prefer to go with kids your own age. The change is normal. However, try to be considerate of your mother. It is hard for any woman to watch her teen-age daughter growing independent of her. It is especially hard for mothers who have lost their husbands. Talk with your school counselor. He'll help you understand.

**Q** I belong to the Hi-Y. We had a truth session. My friends told me I'm too noisy. They said I bother girls by my crudeness. I guess they're right. Girls date me only once. How can I make myself be quieter and more polite?—E.M.

**A** Ask your Hi-Y program chairman to arrange some meetings devoted to good manners. All boys need to learn. They'll all be interested. Keep yourself clean and neat. Try to modulate your voice so you are no louder than other kids. Avoid talking

about yourself. Get the girls to talking about themselves. Remember to ask for dates far enough ahead so the girls can make their plans. Consider the girls' interests. Go places they'll enjoy. Do you belong to any clubs having both boys and girls in them? The MYF is a good example. Such organizations will help you.

**Q** My best friend lives next door. We're 13. We've been buddies since we were five. Now he won't speak to me. The trouble is a girl. We both fell for her and she chose me. Will he get over being mad?—N.R.

**A** Almost certainly. Keep on being friendly. Don't overdo things with the girl. Before long he'll find some other girl. Then he should forget his hurt.

**Q** I'm a girl of 19 and fully grown. I smoke and so do my parents. They're trying to make me stop. I tell them I'll stop when they do. Do cigarettes hurt me more than they do them?—P.H.

**A** Perhaps they don't. Probably most of the arguments against smoking apply equally to them. There





**Dr. Nall**  
*Answers Questions*  
*About*

## **Your Faith** **and** **Your Church**

### **What is meant by "the Antichrist"?**

Antichrist is the embodiment of evil in a person or persons opposing Christ. Paul refers to this "man of sin" in 2 Thessalonians 2:3; the term is translated "man of lawlessness" in the Revised Standard Version, and "embodiment of disobedience" by Goodspeed.

The Bible never identifies Anti-

christ, but pulls no punches in describing this lying, deceiving, falsifying, pretending, cheating arch-enemy of Christ. Not to be identified with Satan, Antichrist still shows satanic powers.

What does this teach? The transformation of the world is not easy or steady, but it is sure.

### **Can we believe in "the resurrection of the body"?**

We must, if we are New Testament Christians, but we'd better be wary about that word "body." In biblical thought it means "the whole man," as Paul clearly indicates when he speaks of the redemption of the body [Romans 8:23]. Actually, the Bible does not divide personality into body and soul, and gives no support for the idea that a soul can exist apart from a body.

Yet the much-anticipated "resurrection of the body" cannot mean

the frail, fleshy body that is buried in a grave, dropped into the sea, or burned to ashes. We do not hope for the resurrection of a flesh-and-blood body, but a new body ("spiritual body" is Paul's term in 1 Corinthians 15) suited to the new conditions.

Important, too, is the New Testament promise that this resurrection is more than a personal resurrection. There is to be a new humanity, a new society in the "body of Christ."

### **Was Jesus a layman?**

Of course—and don't be thrown by the echoes of theological argument (going back to Paul and the writer of Hebrews) about whether Jesus belonged to the high priesthood of Melchizedek. This shadowy worthy lived in the golden age of the Hebrew patriarchs. (See Psalm 110:4 and Hebrews 7:10-11, 15.)

Jesus was a layman, just as Jeremiah and Amos were before him. He was a skilled workman with saw and adz in Joseph's carpenter shop at Nazareth. Peter and Andrew were fishermen, both laymen, and so was Paul, the tentmaker. Not one of the

early disciples belonged to the professional clergy of the temple. And many of the best among later followers have been lay people.

All this despite the disheartening fact that only 24 per cent of the laymen polled for a report to the National Methodist Town and Country Conference believe that laymen are "members of the people of God called to a total ministry of witness and service in the world."

Journalist, author, world traveler, minister all describe T. Otto Nall, editor of the *Christian Advocate*. The latest book to come from his fluent pen is *The Bible When You Need It Most* (Association Press, 50¢).

is very little doubt that smoking is related to cancer and heart afflictions. Apparently heavy smokers shorten their lives by many years. It would be best if all three of you could stop. However, you shouldn't cultivate a harmful habit just because your parents have it.

**Q** *I can talk OK with one girl, but get tongue-tied when I'm with two or three. Will I ever get over this defect?—W.K.*

**A** Nearly all boys feel shy when they're with several girls. Nearly all girls feel equally shy when they're with boys. Don't call your trait a defect. Keep yourself in circulation. Go to school parties and MYF. Gradually you'll feel more secure with girls. Then you'll be able to converse normally with several at a time.

**Q** *I'm new in high school. The boys here cuss a lot. Even the kids I was with in elementary school have started it. Why do kids swear?—C.M.*

**A** Swearing is common in some high schools, almost entirely absent in others. Your coaches, teachers, and principal have much to do with that. Some boys and girls feel that swearing is a symbol of their growth. Psychologically, it really proves they feel inadequate inside. It shows they're trying to bluff. Don't be fooled by it.

**Q** *I am a boy of 16. I'm burned up over the allowance my sister gets. She's 14. My parents give her exactly twice as much as they give me. They say I'm a boy and can get a job. Are any other parents that unfair?—S.H.*

**A** It does seem unfair, doesn't it? However, there are other parents who give girls larger allowances than boys. It is true that boys can get jobs more easily than girls. Probably your parents have decided you need the experience of working. Try getting a job. In the end, you may be grateful for this seeming unfairness.

**Q** *Two weeks ago I did something silly in class. Our teacher joked about "chewing our ears off" if we didn't complete our homework. I was not able to complete mine. So in class I pulled up my hair and told him to start chewing. The kids laughed, but he*



# Solace Through Prayer

got mad. He said I was impudent. He wrote a note to my folks. Now they're restricting me. I want to forget the whole thing. Instead I keep thinking about it and feeling bad. Will you help me?—B.C.

**A** I'm sorry for what happened. Teachers sometimes seem short-tempered. You must have appeared to be more impudent than you intended. Don't talk about the incident. When you start thinking of it, force yourself to think of something else. It will recede into the background soon.

**Q** My parents are divorcing. I love my father most. My mother has been arrested for forging checks and is on parole. I am afraid the judge will give me to her, not to my father. I'm 15 and capable of making up my own mind. What can I do?—M.L.

**A** Be sure to have one of the lawyers call you into court to testify as to your preference. In arranging custody of teen-agers, most divorce judges give a great deal of weight to the preference of the young people.

**Q** My MYF gave a program at a state school for delinquent boys. I asked several of the boys there if they had gone to church regularly. Not one said he had. Is that one of the reasons why they are delinquent? Don't boys need church?—R.L.

**A** Indeed they do. As a guidance counselor, I work with delinquent youngsters. Nearly all have a vacuum in their lives where religion should be. Boys and girls both need the high standards churches teach. They need friendship with nice youngsters. They need the inspiration and strength which a belief in God brings. Some social scientists are telling us that the only large group of American teen-agers who are living up to our traditional moral standards is the church group. I'm sure that the absence of religion is a factor in creating juvenile delinquency.

**TEEN TROUBLE?** Don't let it spoil your fun. Ask Dr. Barbour to help you, confidentially of course, as he has helped so many others. Write him c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.—Eds.



## Fourth in a Series on Hymns to Live By: COMFORT

**T**HE NAME of Joseph M. Scriven has never been listed among the great hymn writers of the Christian church. Nor is it likely it ever will be. At his death nearly 74 years ago, Scriven was scarcely known outside the small Canadian community which had become his home, and many details about the man and his life still are shrouded in mystery today. Yet, through one simple, sincere hymn, Joseph Scriven's Christian witness has given comfort to thousands of hearts.

Scriven himself was no stranger to sorrow. Born September 10, 1819, in Ireland's County Down, he was educated at Trinity College in Dublin. At 23 he fell in love, but on the eve of his marriage his fiancée was accidentally drowned.

Seeking release from his sorrow, he emigrated to Ontario, teaching school in Woodstock and Brantford, and later tutoring the children of a retired naval officer who lived near beautiful Rice Lake.

It was apparently in 1855, following a period of prayer and meditation, that he wrote the poem which has brought solace to countless Christians. Accounts of the experience differ, but it is clear from the poem that through prayer the author was freed of the despair which had troubled him for more than 10 years. Here is the first verse:

*What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.*

Scriven titled his poem *Pray Without Ceasing*, but today it is quickly recognized as *What a Friend We Have in Jesus* (No. 240 in *The Methodist Hymnal*). He is believed to have sent one copy to his mother

in Ireland and saved another for himself.

A few years later he was again engaged to be married—but before this wedding could take place, once more death claimed his fiancée.

Following this blow, Scriven devoted more and more of his time (and what little money he had) to serving the needy. Known as "the man who saws wood for poor widows and sick people who are unable to pay," he even gave his clothing to those whose need was greater than his own.

Just how his poem found its way into print is not known. Its first publication seems to have been in 1865 in a little songbook, *Social Hymns, Original and Selected*, put out by Horace L. Hastings of Richmond, Va. But the author was listed as anonymous.

In 1870 the poem was included in a collection called *Silver Wings*, but that book's unknown compiler listed the Collection of the Genevan Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., as the source of the hymn's words. Here the text was published with the now-familiar musical setting, written for it by Charles C. Converse.

When Ira D. Sankey and Phillip P. Bliss published the first of their widely known *Gospel Hymns*, they included *What a Friend* on a last-minute substitution, but again the authorship of the text was listed erroneously, credited this time to the pen of the Scottish divine, Dr. Horatius Bonar. Not until *Gospel Hymns No. 5* appeared in 1887 was Scriven recognized as the hymn's true writer. By that time, he was dead.

Admirers erected monuments to Scriven's memory in Ontario, but his real monument is his hymn. It is a living testimony that God can lift the burdens which we cannot bear. And it is a reminder of mankind's greatest privilege—the privilege of prayer.—DORON K. ANTRIM



# Light Unto My Path

MARCH 6

*God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.*  
—Psalms 46:1

ONE OF MY dearest friends is a young man who has been bedfast for five years with a broken neck and severed spinal cord. But instead of being bitter, he has proved one of the greatest inspirations I have known. Truly, God is his refuge and strength.

Every time I read that verse of Scripture, I think of this friend and the many forgotten shut-ins who spend much of their time thinking about life and God. Many of them get right to the heart of the matter of life.

One 95-year-old friend, just a few days before his death, said, "Preacher, I have been wondering just what heaven is like and I have decided that I won't worry about that—I'll leave it up to God. I just want to be sure that I am ready to be there." These, his last words to me, sum up the important thought about planning for the hereafter.

Yes, I have found that "God is our refuge and strength," for sometimes God is all that a shut-in seems to have in the way of company. Also, he is "a very present help in trouble." All people have problems. The other day in a devotional period with friends in a rest home, we discussed this. I suggested that we all think for a moment about our own troubles and then look at everyone else in the room and think about their troubles. Then it was suggested that these shut-ins decide with which person each would like to

trade troubles. They decided they'd keep their own.

**Prayer:** Our Father, we thank thee for our older friends and for their inspiration. Help us to remember that they also are thy children. Amen.

—R. HERBERT BOLINGER, JR.

MARCH 13

*For God did not give us a spirit of timidity but a spirit of power and love and self-control.—II Timothy 1:7*

HAVE YOU EVER been afraid of what others think and say? Has your Christian influence ever been hidden? Have you ever been tempted to keep still when you ought to speak? Have you ever been afraid of what might happen to you and your future if you stood up for what you knew to be right?

We have all lived through such situations.

If we have been fearful in this land of religious freedom, how much more did this young man, Timothy, have reason to be timid. Religious antagonisms ran high. The very Lord of life had been put to death by officers of the Roman Empire. Timothy's spiritual father, Paul, had been stoned and imprisoned in this community for his Christian witness.

Paul knew Timothy's temptations and he wrote him to remember all that God had done. He said in effect, "Think back to the reasons you became a Christian. Why did you begin this ministry? God did not give you a spirit of fear, but of power, love, and self-control."

It is well for all of us to look back and remember something of what God has done for us. Can we not remember the enthusiasm and joy with which we began the Christian life? God was real and present; his love touched us deeply. We rejoiced to serve Christ.

But then we met the opposition of unbelief, sin, and selfishness. It might be ridicule that hurt our pride, for few of us have met active persecution, prison or death for our faith.

Remember the love which God has given you—a love that takes in everyone, even those who threaten your destruction. Such a love is not man's native possession. It is God's gift.

**Prayer:** Dear God, our all-wise and eternal father, in times like these give us the inward power to respond to thy wisdom, the good sense to know when to stand firm for what we believe, and the courage, then, to speak. Amen.

—CLAUDE W. COOPER



R. Herbert Bolinger, Jr.  
Morganville, Kans.



Claude W. Cooper  
Fort Madison, Iowa



## WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

MARCH 20

*I can do all things in him who strengthens me.—Philippians 4:13*

**P**ILOTING a small plane into a thundercloud can be terrifying. Suddenly you have no point of reference. The sun, the earth, the horizon disappear. Vertigo may set in. You are surrounded by fog. As everything that is loose starts to float lazily upward, you realize you are caught in a down-draft. The feeling of helplessness that comes next is a prologue to the panic that follows.

Have you ever tried praying while being pushed downward at 1,500 feet a minute? I have. And God does answer prayer. He answered mine with the assurance: "I am with you and you can save yourself. Think back to what you were taught to do at a time like this. Don't panic."

This was what I needed. A few moments and a few thousand feet later, trusting only in instruments, instincts, and faith, I put the plane down in a farmer's field. I stood in the rain and thanked God for his guidance.

Many times in life we are cornered by events which seem to make our human abilities inadequate. At such times we need to remember the enormous resources of God, which are avail-

able to all who will ask, seek, and knock.

Paul says that there are no limits to what man can accomplish with God's help. He tells us that man's capacity for meeting the pressures of life is a gift from God, mediated through Jesus Christ.

How many times we need that blessed assurance that somehow we will be able to carry on through a crisis. It means different things to different people, but no matter what it means, it is possible, through Him.

**Prayer:** O God, may we aspire to do great things for thee. Save us from timidity and fear. Give us the courage to accomplish whatever task thou wouldst have us do. Amen.

—E. DUANE HULSE

MARCH 27

*No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us.—Romans 8:37*

**A**RCHIBALD MACLEISH'S play, *J. B.*, is on in Boston as I write. For months in New York City, this brilliant, poetical version of the Book of Job has been focusing attention on the problem of evil. What should be our attitude toward what Shakespeare calls

"the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"? This text from St. Paul suggests the finest solution of the problem.

I would like to propose a new degree, MTC, "more than conquerors." The ills of life are not to be explained, or escaped, or endured with bitterness. They are to be transmuted into mature, fruitful living.

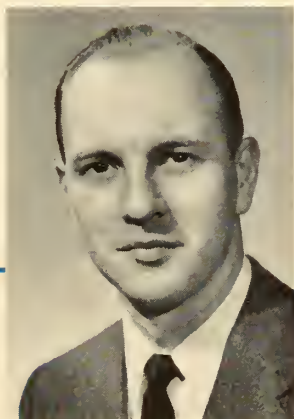
When I was a young minister in Jacksonville, Ill., a delegate from a New England church visited mine to see if he could recommend me to follow his transferring minister, whom I had succeeded in a previous pastorate. Day after day I looked for a letter which never came. Such a disappointment is hard to take. But it may enable one to thank God and take courage. Years later a much better opening came and the disappointment proved to be God's appointment.

What is the technique for becoming "more than conqueror"? In *Damn Yankees*, that lively play about the New York Yankees, rings this bracing line, "You've got to have heart—miles and miles and miles of heart!" We cannot win in sport or in daily living without backbone.

But it takes more than virility. St. Paul gives the secret, "through him who loved us."

**Prayer:** Dear heavenly father, forgive our failure to overcome the trials and tribulations of life. Set our faces toward today's problems and hardships in the courageous mood of Him who said, "In the world you have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Amen.

—WILLIAM R. LESLIE



E. Duane Hulse  
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.



William R. Leslie  
Brookline, Mass.



# Looks at New Books

**DURING** his long career in Hollywood, the late **Cecil B. DeMille** made 70 feature pictures, many of them major contributions to the art. But if his work had been confined to only two, *The King of Kings* and *The Ten Commandments*, his name still would be known to millions.

DeMille saw the film industry grow from a barn in an orange grove into the mammoth studios which characterize the multimillion-dollar business it is today. He played a major role in that growth and he tells the story in his *AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95). The author of this monumental work was often a controversial figure, yet he perhaps was one of the few authentic geniuses of the cinema. Billy Graham called him "a prophet in celluloid" and it's estimated that nearly 1 billion people have seen *The King of Kings* since it was first shown in 1927.

"All my life," DeMille writes of that film and H. B. Warner's portrayal of Christ, "I have wondered how many people have been turned away from Christianity by the effeminate, sanctimonious, machine-made Christs of second-rate so-called art, which used to be thought good enough for Sunday schools. This Man of Nazareth was a man, with a body hard enough to stand 40 days of fasting and long journeys on foot and nights of sleepless prayer, a man with a mind sharp as a razor and balanced as a precision scale, whose

ranging thought measured the kingdoms of the world and their glory, yet noticed things like lilies of the field and how they grow or mother hens and how they keep their chicks warm under their wings, a man who had only compassion for those sinners for whom most men have only contempt, and who kept his anger and biting scorn only for hypocrites and those who made a racket of religion. There could well have been a note of admiration in the proud official voice of Pilate when he said of Him, 'Behold the Man!'"

There are many such paragraphs in this voluminous work, a milestone in the history of movies.

Maybe it's the stirring of spring in my bones—or possibly remembrance of a pioneer grandfather's tales—but in late winter my reading for pleasure is apt to go Western. And for those who do likewise, I have a few stop and go signals.

First, a couple of stops:

**William Lee Hamlin** has done what he calls *THE TRUE STORY OF BILLY THE KID* (Caxton, \$6), and I sum up my reaction in a weary "Ho hum!" You may be eager to have that killer made over into a protector of the weak and unfortunate. I'm not.

Stop signal No. 2: *WILD BILL HICKOK* by **Richard O'Connor** (Doubleday, \$3.95) glitters with errors of fact. Examples (my italics): "Dead-

wood Gulch was a *dead-end* canyon (in the Black Hills) . . . Its earliest residents lived on whiskey and beans, worked like demons to get at the *Badlands* gold. . ."

Now, green signals:

Firstly, about the finest thing to come out in the field is the monumental job **Harold McCracken** has done on *GEORGE CATLIN AND THE OLD FRONTIER* (Dial Press, \$18.50). It's one of those oversize art volumes ordinarily associated with European artists. But this one is on that dean of painters of the American Indians, Catlin, and 36 of his paintings are shown in color.

Secondly, *THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST*, by **James D. Horan** (Crown, \$10), is lively reading and extraordinary because of its pictures. The author has been hoarding sketches and photos of the old West. Nothing like it has ever been put between covers before.

Thirdly, I sound off in praise for **Reginald S. Craig**, California lawyer, who has come out with a strong defense of *THE FIGHTING PARSON* (Western Lore, \$7.50). The parson is John M. Chivington, a Methodist presiding elder in Colorado who refused a chaplaincy in the Civil War because he wanted action. He got it as a major, stopping an invading column from Texas—and may thereby have stymied a move that could have diverted California's gold from Washington to Richmond. Later his command attacked an Indian village at Sand Creek. Were the redskins friend or foe? Was Chivington justified? Craig pleads for Chivington.

Fourthly, when a scholar and writer puts a misty personality into recognizable reality, I breathe a thank you. And a hearty one goes to **Jay Monaghan** for his *CUSTER—THE LIFE OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER* (Little, Brown, \$6). Custer emerged from West Point as the Civil War was getting under way and within a year was a brigadier general. He came from a religious family, married a beautiful woman, and saw much of life before he perished at Little Big Horn.

*The King of Kings, DeMille says, grew out of evenings in his boyhood when his father read the Bible aloud.*





Fifthly, **Wayne Gard** sketches a Western epoch in *THE GREAT BUFFALO HUNT* (Knopf, \$5.75). How millions of buffaloes were swept up within a decade is fantastic history—and exciting reading.

Sixthly, for a good conspectus of the West, I recommend *THE COWBOY READER* (Longmans, \$6.50). This anthology was put together with insight and discrimination by two staff men at Southern Methodist University, which is located at Dallas in what Texans say is "the largest U.S. state not under ice." They are **Lon Tinkle** and **Allen Maxwell**.

A Catholic publisher recently asked six non-Catholics to take a candid look at American Catholics and write about what they saw.

The result is *AMERICAN CATHOLICS, A PROTESTANT-JEWISH VIEW* (Sheed and Ward, \$3.75). It's a unique book that will probably be more welcome among non-Catholic readers than those of the Catholic faith, although a statement by Jesuit Father Gustave Weigel attests to the spirit of good will in which it was written.

Viewers are **Stringfellow Barr**, Rutgers University professor; **Robert McAfee Brown**, Union Theological Seminary; **Arthur Cohen**, author and president of Meridian Books; Rabbi **Arthur Gilbert**, Anti-Defamation League; **Martin Marty**, associate editor, *The Christian Century*, and **Allyn Robinson**, National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Voicing one of the recurrent observations in the book, Dr. Brown asserts: "If the barriers of misinformation and misunderstanding are to be broken down, American Catholicism must be willing to let its constituency become literate on the subject of Protestantism."

By sheer geographical accident, thousands of Christian laymen and ministers found themselves in Communist East Germany at the close of World War II. Immediately they were faced with a dilemma—how is a Christian to conduct himself under a government hostile to Christianity?

In *HOW TO SERVE GOD IN A MARXIST LAND* (Association Press, \$2.50), you will find Europe's noted theologian, **Karl Barth**, advising pastor **Johannes Hamel** on Christian conduct under Red rule.

The problem is not resolved, but this discussion may set you to wondering if Americans have made the mistake of identifying the Christian faith with the democratic way of life.

**Benjamin Franklin** was a prodigious writer, but he was either careless or modest about signing and preserving his manuscripts. Consequently, collecting his surviving writings and corre-



## Talking With God Through Prayer . . .

*. . . should be the most natural thing the Christian does. But most of us wish we could speak more clearly, listen more sensitively. These books will help.*

**The Meaning of Prayer**, by **Harry Emerson Fosdick** (Association Press, \$2)—Draws on the Bible for examples of the reality and power of prayer, arranged for daily reading.

**The Layman Learns to Pray**, by **Lloyd V. Channells** (Bethany Press, \$1.50)—Simply and reverently, a pastor tells how to pray effectively.

**We Believe in Prayer** (Denison, \$5)—Personal statements by American and world leaders on the value of prayer, compiled by **Lawrence M. Brings**.

**Rediscovering Prayer**, by **John L. Casteel** (Association Press, \$3.50)—Discusses the attitude with which we must approach prayer if God is to work his will in us.

**A Private House of Prayer**, by **Leslie D. Weatherhead** (Abingdon, \$3)—Will help you get on speaking terms with God by sharing 31 days of a great preacher's meditations.

**Making Prayer Real**, by **Lynn J. Radcliffe** (Abingdon, \$3)—Outlines disciplines for a real life of prayer and offers help for those who have not yet felt God's presence.

**Youth Talks With God**, by **Avery Brooke** (Scribner, \$1.50)—A little volume of everyday prayers in everyday language for young folks who need to be shown how to pray.



# Alaskan

## Cruise for Methodists

Come along for a delightful adventure in good fellowship, thrilling scenery and peaceful, restful voyaging in cool, far-northern waters on your annual fun-loving Alaskan Cruise for Methodists, leaving Chicago August 8. For the past nine summers these tours to Alaska have been operated for members of The Methodist Church, and each time a wonderful group of congenial people, who enjoy friendly travel together, assembled for the trip.

Sailing aboard Canadian Pacific's S. S. "Princess Louise," the cruise includes Ketchikan, Juneau, Mendenhall Glacier, Wrangell, Skagway, Lake Bennett and Carcross in Alaska and the Yukon. The scenic American Rockies, Rainier National Park, the Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise and Banff are included in the trip—altogether a marvelous escorted tour with the best company of fellow travelers imaginable.

Space on the tour is limited—Demands are heavy—Send your reservation in early.



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spondence for publication is a monumental job.

Yale University and the American Philosophical Society tackled it as a joint project in 1953, and I now have before me THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: VOL. 1, 1706-34 (Yale Univ. Press, \$7.50). It is the richest collection anywhere of what the young Boston and Philadelphia printer wrote, set into type, and issued as newspaper, pamphlet, or almanac during his first 28 years.

Franklin would appreciate the scrupulous excellence of the editing under the direction of **Leonard W. Labaree** and **Whitfield J. Bell, Jr.** The volume is a rare combination of scholarship and masterly bookmaking.

Remember *Unchastity Is a Sin* [November, 1958, page 22]? It and other inimitable **Phyllis McGinley** views make up THE PROVINCE OF THE HEART (Viking, \$3).

In the gentlest and most slyly mocking tones, this suburban wife and mother talks about children, husbands, and the delights of living in suburbia. But mostly she talks about being a woman. "It will be better," she says, "when the girls who long ago ceased behaving like heroines out of a Victorian novel also leave off imitating one of O'Hara's or Hemingway's lady rakes."

And candidates might well read her *Letter to an Unknown Man*, for whom next November she will pull down the little lever behind a curtain "not of iron but of common and rather battered baize."

A wise and delightful woman, that Mrs. McGinley!

The liberal-turned-conservative **John Dos Passos** takes us to the founding fathers as those who understood true freedom in PROSPECTS OF A GOLDEN AGE (Prentice-Hall, \$7.50). You wonder what change of heart this great writer has had; in the 1930s he insisted that "liberty" be constantly reinterpreted to meet new social needs, but now he says we should give up those aspirations for the "liberty" of the late 18th century.

Though this book presents few new facts, it is interesting and lively. And it does justice to the era.

Underwater adventure is one of the most thrilling experiences of our time, and CAPTAIN COUSTEAU'S UNDERWATER TREASURY, edited by **Jacques-Yves Cousteau** and **James Dugan** (Harper, \$5.95), reveals a treasure of amazing true stories by divers, submariners, and underwater scientists.

The discoverers themselves tell of finding such sunken fortunes as the Bishop's Cross, \$25 million in gold bullion from the *Laurentic*, priceless

art objects of ancient Greece, and artifacts at the bottom of the sacred wells of the Maya.

Cousteau, world famous for his undersea expeditions, is coinventor of a breathing device, which has been termed "the passport to inner space." He's also director of the Oceanographic Museum at Monaco.

Since everybody who is anybody goes to Russia these days, it isn't surprising to find that **Kay Thompson's** beloved *Eloise* has been there, too. And, like



*Eloise "inspects" the Moscow subway.*

most distinguished travelers, the precocious tot records her experiences. These are available to her admirers in *ELOISE IN MOSCOW* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75).

If she seems a bit more subdued than she did in *Eloise* and *Eloise in Paris*, blame it on the influence of the Kremlin.

MAN'S GREAT FUTURE (Longman's \$4) takes you on a brisk trip through space, deposits you back among the awakening peoples of Africa, Asia—and America—and then examines man's relation to man and the potentials for peace among nations that have to live together.

Edited by **Erwin D. Canham**, the book is a condensation of material that appeared in the 50th anniversary edition of *The Christian Science Monitor*. Rod Nordell did the condensing.

How well I remember my shock one morning when I heard a newscaster report that **Roy Campanella** had been paralyzed in an auto accident. The great Dodger catcher, I thought, was a man to whom a successful baseball career must mean even more than to most other players. For Campanella, three times winner of the National League's Most Valuable Player award, is a Negro and could have attained such recognition in few other fields.

I was wrong. Today Roy Campanella stands for even more. The character, courage, and faith he always had on the diamond flamed even brighter dur-



ing the long, painful days of rehabilitation, and he is again back in baseball as a coach—though he must contribute his expert knowledge of the game from a wheel chair.

The Dodgers are fortunate to have Campy back with them. But the physically handicapped are even luckier, for his story, as he tells it in *It's Good To Be Alive* (Little, Brown, \$4.50), is a veritable beacon of hope and encouragement for them. Here's a Christian gentleman everybody, whether handicapped or not, should know.

I don't think you'll be able to read *Jungle Pilot* (Harper, \$3.75) without a large-sized lump in your throat and a strengthened faith in the goodness of man.

Told by professional writer **Russell T. Hitt**, this is the story of Nate Saint, one of the five young flying missionaries who were slain deep in the South American jungles by the savage Auca Indians they sought to win to Christianity.

Of the five, Nate was the inventive genius, the planner and logistics expert. He was also a sensitive writer, and the portions of the book that are taken from his own written accounts reveal a man with intelligence, humor, and, above all, an unreserved, complete dedication to God.

The first pages of *Back to Berlin* (Little, Brown, \$4.50) are so much like the beginning of a third-rate novel I still don't know why I kept on reading. But I'm glad I did, for **Verna Carleton's** narrative of an exile's return to the city of his boyhood develops into an absorbing story with some unusual insights into the lives of Germans as they are today and were 20 years ago.

The names of the people involved have been changed for their protection, but it's easy to believe Mrs. Carleton's claim that the book, written about a man she knows well, is drawn from actual events. Its people are far more than symbolic shadows. Some of the minor characters, particularly, stand out in sharp relief and, I know, will live in my memory for years to come.

Novelist-playwright **Herman Wouk**, who received the Pulitzer Prize for *The Caine Mutiny*, has turned his pen to an account of the Jewish people and their faith in *This Is My God* (Doubleday, \$3.95).

Christians will find it an absorbing study of the faith from which Christianity stemmed. I recommend it for most active laymen.

*The Saturday Evening Post's* introduction of "think" articles by some of

the world's most eminent creative minds is one of the bright spots in recent magazine publishing. But before it was started, questions arose.

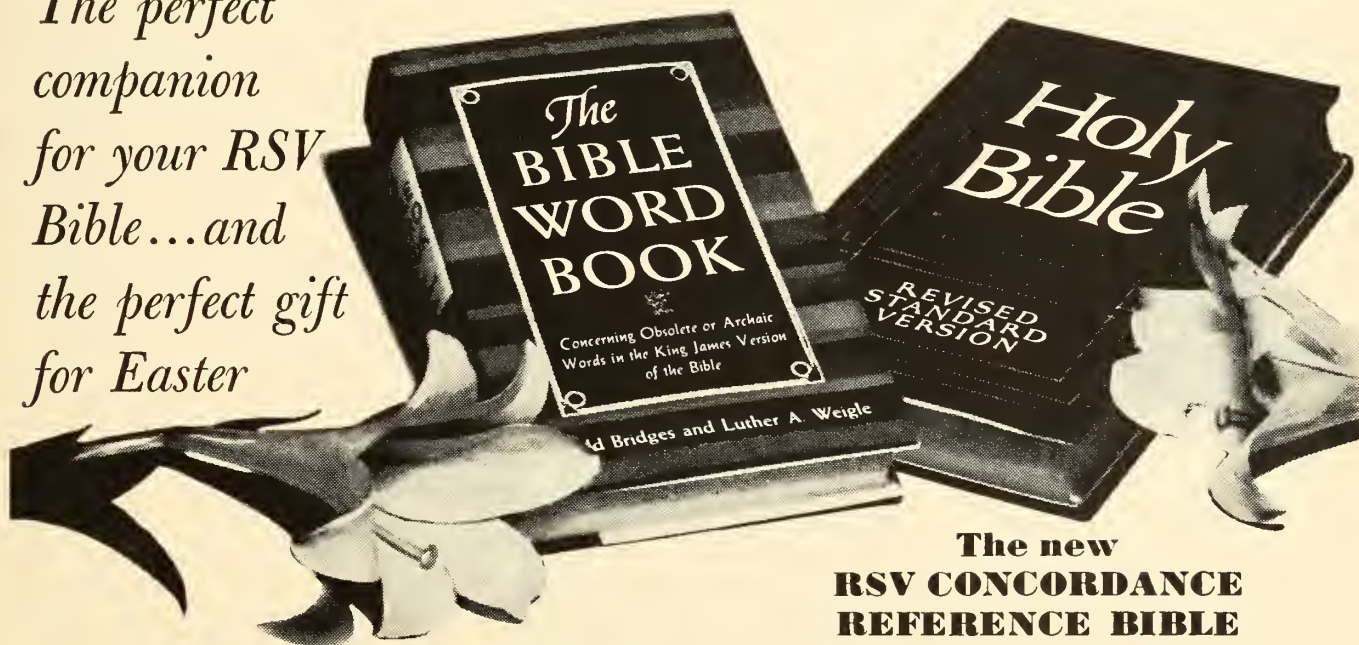
Would Americans care to tackle this type reading, and could these leaders in science, the humanities, and the arts communicate with the average reader? Both answers proved to be most emphatic affirmatives.

In fact, the series proved so popular that 21 of these articles now are presented in *Adventures of the Mind* (Knopf, \$4.50), edited by **Richard Thruelsen** and **John Kobler**. The collection includes an article on religion by Paul Tillich and discussions of other subjects by such noted thinkers as J. Robert Oppenheimer, Aldous Huxley, and Bertrand Russell. This book requires more concentration than the average detective story, but the rewards are correspondingly greater.

Young people who'd like to find their lifework in "something bookish" might bear in mind that starting salaries in library service currently outdistance those in book publishing.

In *Librarians Wanted: Careers in Library Service* (McKay, \$3.50), **Adrian A. Paradis**, himself a librarian and author of a series of career books for young people, pre-

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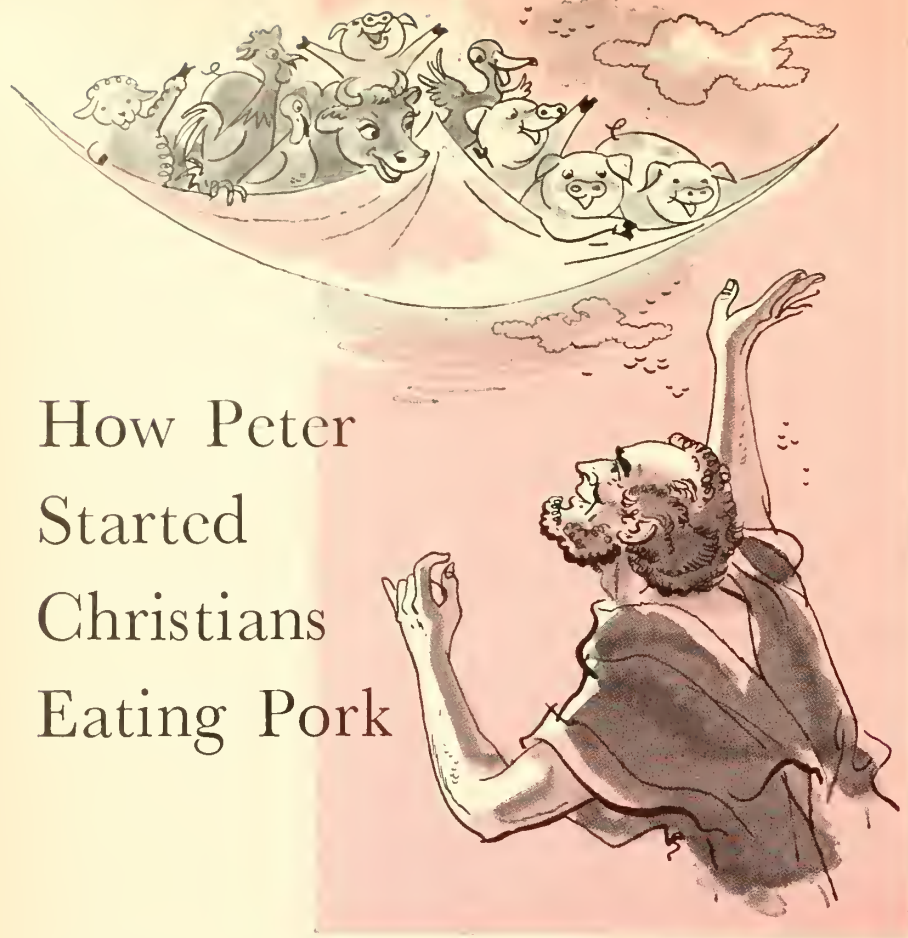
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## How Peter Started Christians Eating Pork

ONE DAY at a drugstore lunch counter, I was enjoying my midday ham on rye when I fell to wondering about eating habits. I began asking myself why I, a Christian, can eat ham and pork but many of my Jewish friends cannot. The more I thought, the more puzzled I became, since it was apparent that at some point, the first Christians must have broken away from the strict dietary laws which had bound them as Jews.

I decided to investigate. After some research, I found that in the years immediately following Christ's Crucifixion, one of the most fundamental problems the Christians had to resolve was whether they were still under the Hebrew laws of diet. The original break apparently was made by Simon Peter, as related in Acts 10:9-15. It is here that a voice from heaven, coming to him in a trance, commands him to "rise . . . kill and eat" the animals, reptiles, and birds contained in a "great sheet" let down from heaven. When he refuses, pleading that he has "never eaten anything that is common or unclean," the voice tells him that "what God has cleansed, you must not call common." It was this command that formed the basis of the early-day Christians' decision to admit forbidden pork into their diet.

There still remained another question: How did ham, once on the proscribed list, come to be one of the staples of diet among American Chris-

tians? By further digging, I discovered that the first pork on the hoof apparently arrived in this country with Hernando De Soto in the 1500s. De Soto brought with him 13 sows and two boars. They were prolific, and it wasn't long before pork became the favorite food of millions of Americans.

When the Pennsylvania Dutch settlers began arriving in this country, the frugal *hausfrau* combined pork trimmings and scraps with corn-meal mush, then let the mixture set in a shallow pan. The result: scrapple. Fried in lard or bacon fat, and drenched with maple sirup, this became one of the most popular breakfast dishes of the Keystone State.

There were other variations of pork dishes coming into use all the time. Souse, for example. Originally a medieval variant of sausage, it took its name from German and French words meaning brine.

Ham, I found, in the original German and Saxon words meant shinbone; bacon, in Saxon, meant a side of smoked pork. Hock has descended from a Scotch word meaning heel, but combining hocks and sauerkraut was first tried in Germany.

Any woman can name a dozen other ways in which pork is prepared in this country today. It's been a big change since the days when products of the pig were considered unclean and Christians were forbidden to eat them.

—ROBERT WEST HOWARD

sents a complete picture of the library profession and goes a long way toward dispelling the old image of the librarian as a dry and lonely custodian of dusty volumes.

These days men tend to fill the top administrative posts—and are also moving into jobs as research librarians, bibliographers, and abstracters. But the shortage of applicants for the countless positions continues. In 1957 it was estimated that 10,000 more librarians could have been employed, had they been available.

Book lovers in our office—and this includes just about everybody—are constantly dropping by to see what's new in my bookcase. Invariably a reminiscent smile crosses their faces as they look at new versions of two childhood classics, **Anna Sewell's** *BLACK BEAUTY* (Watts, \$2.95) and *PINOCCHIO* by **Carlo Collodi** (Watts, \$2.95).

Illustrated by exciting water-color paintings and black-and-white drawings by Charles Mozley, these are part of the *Around the World Treasures* series. And they're unique in that a 32-page introductory section in full color tells the story in full-page pictures with captions. This makes it possible to introduce the tales to children still too young to attempt the full story as originally written.

If you have little folks to read aloud to, you'll appreciate **EVERY CHILD'S STORY BOOK** (Watts, \$3.95). So will they. **Margaret Martignoni**, a children's librarian, has packed it full of contemporary stories, chapters from books, folk tales, nursery rhymes, poems, jokes, and riddles, all chosen for one reason—because children think they're fun.

**Betty MacDonald's** first book, *The Egg and I*, sent a ripple of merriment through the country. Three subsequent books carried the irrepressible Betty through tuberculosis, a succession of depressing depression jobs, and finally life on an island in Puget Sound as the mother of two teen-age daughters.

Now the funniest, wisest, and most poignant episodes from all four books are combined in *Who, Me?* (Lippincott, \$4.95). If you haven't read the four, here's the best of Betty MacDonald, a woman with the buoyant ability to see humor in everything, especially herself.

If William, first Duke of Bedford, were to visit Woburn Abbey today, he would be lost among the camera-laden tourists swarming through the ancestral castle of one of Great Britain's greatest families. The rows of parked cars and catering stands, the motor-scooter and traction-engine races—and the nudist colony tucked in a remote



corner—would certainly bewilder him. But since he was no slouch as a businessman himself, he would probably approve of the thriving commercial enterprise into which **John Russell**, present **Duke of Bedford**, has turned the tax-blighted, crumbling abbey he inherited in 1954. The 13th Duke tells the riches-to-rags-to-riches story in *A SILVER-PLATED SPOON* (Doubleday, \$4.50). He emerges as a man who refuses to be awed by himself or his distinguished forebears. And like most celebrities who're writing their autobiographies these days, he has had the good sense to enlist the services of a professional writer. In his case it was Brian Connell; the result is a happy one.

As a child in Poland **Jacob Twersky** emerged from scarlet fever with damaged sight. A few years later he was totally blind. Now, however, Twersky is a busy, happy man. He has published a novel, maintains a busy schedule as a college instructor, and has a family he adores. To achieve this adjustment he had to travel a bitter road, for he once was rebellious and resentful. His story is told in *THE SOUND OF THE WALLS* (Doubleday, \$3.95).

**G. Paul Butler**, former member of the New Jersey Conference and now the religion and book editor of New York's *Daily Mirror*, read 7,785 sermons before he selected the **BEST SERMONS: 1959-1960** (Crowell, \$3.95). Of the 42 he included, 10 are by Methodist ministers.

They are Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York City; Leslie Weatherhead of City Temple, London; Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles; Professor Thomas S. Kepler of Oberlin College Graduate School of Theology; Professor Paul W. Hoon of Union Theological Seminary; Assistant Professor Lawrence E. Toombs of Drew Theological Seminary; DePauw University President Russell J. Humbert; Laton E. Holmgren of the American Bible Society; Chaplain Charles L. Carpenter, now at the U.S. Air Force Academy, and William O. Byrd of the First Church, Pine Bluff, Ark.

No family magazine could possibly overlook **Hank Ketcham's** recent contribution to the world of cartoons, *DENNIS THE MENACE . . . TEACHER'S THREAT* (Holt, \$1.25). By now Dennis has become an institution, and here most of his various escapades center around the schoolroom. I must admit that I remember performing a few of Dennis' antics myself many years ago.

"Down under" in Australia, and in Tasmania, you'll find strange animals that are remnants of a bygone era. Chief among these living fossils is an

incredibly mixed-up creature that is amphibious, lays eggs, and has a beak, fur, claws—and poison spurs.

It's the duckbill platypus and in *THE STORY OF THE PLATYPUS* (Knopf, \$2.75) this odd animal is described vividly and authentically. It's written by **Alfred G. Milotte** and illustrated with charming pencil drawings by Helen Damosch Tee-Van, wife of the director of the New York Zoological Park and Aquarium.

There have been so many shallow, sensational books and articles about voodoo that an admirable study of that folk religion, *VOODOO* by **Alfred Metraux** (Oxford, \$7.00), stands out in bold relief. No exposé of bizarre rites and weird enchantments, it's a scholarly and outstanding serious work on the subject. Métraux is an eminent anthropologist, ethnologist, and UNESCO official.

*YOUR CHILD IN A SCIENTIFIC WORLD* (Doubleday, \$2.95) is designed to help parents play their part in introducing their children to the scientific principles under which we live and share our family life. It can also be a practical help in keeping Junior from blowing up himself and the family in unsupervised scientific experiments.

**Albertina A. Weinlander** writes warmly and authoritatively, as well she should. Holder of a doctorate and with experience teaching in both high school and college, she's also the mother of two children.

More exciting than any of her half dozen successful novels is **Alice Tisdale Hobart's** own story, *GUSTY'S CHILD* (Longmans, \$5). But far more important than her colorful way of



*A novelist pens her own life story.*

telling about a colorful life is Mrs. Hobart's ability to put acutely personal experiences in perspective.

Reared in a sheltered Puritan atmosphere, she went to China as a

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# getting along Together

When a Racine, Wis., father took his young, sightless son for a ride on a tandem bicycle, and the boy enjoyed it, an idea came to the bicycle-shop owners.

Now, 10 tandem bikes are available free every Sunday for blind youngsters. College girls have volunteered to go with any child whose parents cannot ride.

—MRS. JAMES CLAY, Racine, Wis.

While sight-seeing in Jerusalem, my wife and I entered a bus which had only one vacant seat. Immediately an Israeli, seated beside her, offered me his seat. I protested that I could stand as easily as he, but he compelled me to take it, explaining:

"I cannot let you stand; you are a guest in my country."

—REV. WILLIAM M. JUSTICE, New City, N.Y.

Brotherhood has been translated into action by Methodist Cub Scouts in Taft, Calif.

A group of Catholic boys planted a row of shade trees along one side of their church. A few days later, as "a gesture of faith and appreciation for the members of another church," the leader and 43 Cubs from the Methodist church set out a matching row on the other side of the church!

—MRS. HENRY LEWIS, Alhambra, Calif.

Trouble, worry, frustration, day after day! That was what it had meant to me to bring up a mentally retarded boy.

But one day after a particularly trying morning, I escaped to my room for a nap. All at once the door opened slowly. I lay still, pretending to be asleep.

Then I heard him whisper to himself, "There she is asleep, but I do love you, Mommy."

Suddenly I felt that the Lord had answered my need; I wasn't tired any more.

—MRS. T. LUCAS, Springfield, Mass.

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—Eds.

young woman to visit her missionary sister. Marriage to the representative of an American oil company took her from province to province, enduring loneliness, hardship, primitive living, and danger. And finally, in Nanking, the Hobarts were among the little band of Americans who faced death at the hands of the Communists.

No less difficult were the years after the Hobarts returned to America. Hardly had they built a new life when they were uprooted again by World War II. The end of the war brought reunion and a quiet life in a home overlooking San Francisco Bay. It was here that Mrs. Hobart wrote her autobiography, "the hardest thing I had ever done." It's the work of a warm, mature, and intelligent woman.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A PARAKEET by **B. A. Benson** (Messner, \$3.50) may tell us more about parakeets than we want to know, but it's fresh and funny and you can breeze right through it. While perhaps not for non-owners, it is a know-how and how-to book that ranges from cage covers to cats.

You'd expect a few photographs, perhaps even bits of information on lenses and shutters, in a photographer's autobiography. Yet in *ODD WORLD* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50), *Life* staffer **John Phillips** concentrates on word pictures of the events and people he photographed in Europe and the Middle East before and after World War II. The result is more readable than most historical novels.

Death is an experience all must share. Yet we shy away from discussing it; some of us even refuse to say the word.

Psychologist **Herman Feifel** believes that this internalization of our thoughts, feelings, fears, and hopes concerning it is unhealthy. He is editor of a book entitled *THE MEANING OF DEATH* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.50) in which

21 capable and distinguished contributors come to grips with the problem from different outlooks. Among them are a Methodist minister, Edgar N. Jackson, and theologian Paul Tillich.

It's not for people who like to bury their heads in the sand, but the intelligent, searching reader will find much of value in it.

"Strange," says **Josephine Robertson**, "how the beauty of gardens and their cultivation have, from the time of Genesis, symbolized human joys and struggles." She is the author of *MEDITATIONS ON GARDEN THEMES* (Abingdon, \$1.75), a refreshing smaller-than-pocket-size volume. Each meditation is prefaced by scripture and followed by a brief prayer.

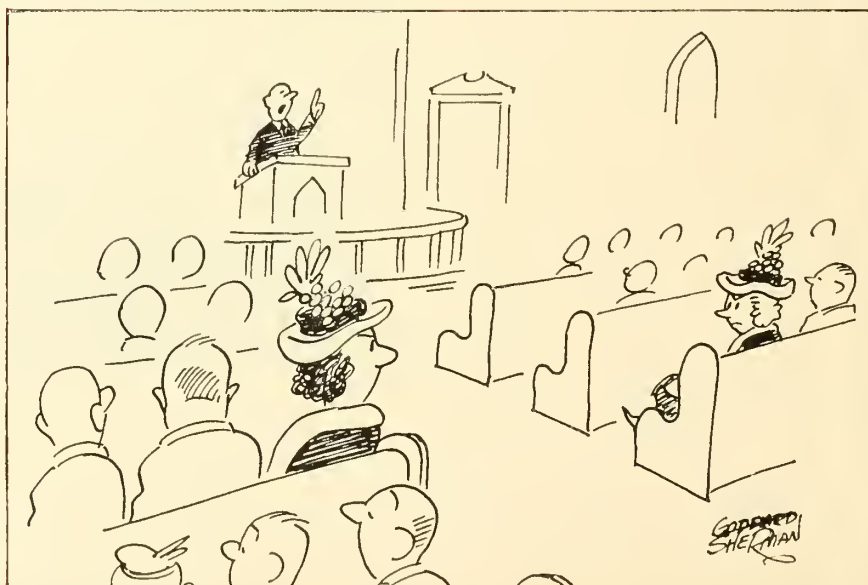
The ancient Japanese art of *ikebana*, or flower arranging, has hit our block and the ladies are somewhat divided as to which textbook they prefer.

Some are copying the examples created by **Seiko Hara** in *FLOWERS AROUND THE CLOCK* (McKay, \$4.95), which have, I understand, a contemporary touch. Others are following the detailed how-to-do-it procedures for creating traditional arrangements as set forth by **Rachel E. Carr** in *STEPPING STONES TO JAPANESE FLORAL ART* (McKay, \$4.95), which is in its sixth revised edition.

I've had a look at both books and I don't see how a serious student of either could miss.

Tots from four to seven will enjoy *BOBBY'S NEIGHBORS* by **Joyce Boyle** (Abingdon, \$2), and their parents will appreciate the fact that this friendly little book doesn't limit Bobby's social life to his peers. Among his neighbors are Linda next door, who is his age; Joe, the delivery boy; the man on the snowplow; Molly, the sitter; even the stars that neighbor our earth.

—BARNABAS







# Browsing in Fiction

*Gerald Kennedy*

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,  
THE METHODIST CHURCH

THE LOS ANGELES AREA of The Methodist Church includes southern California, Arizona, and the Hawaiian Islands. One of the great "sacrifices" I make for the church is to go to Hawaii every year. Mark Twain called them the loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean. It was with some anticipation, therefore, that I began

**HAWAII**, by James A. Michener (*Random House*, \$6.95).

I can only say that I was in no way disappointed and I think this big novel is also a great one. Michener paints his picture on a great, wide canvas, beginning with the physical creation of the islands. Then he turns to the human story, which begins with the heroic ninth-century migration of the original Hawaiians from the South Sea island of Bora Bora. They sailed over 1,000 miles of unknown sea in large canoes.

The next big chapter is the missionary story and I feel the author has been objective and fair. He does not override these Christians who came from New England, yet the book reflects a deep appreciation for their character and their great contributions. However, Michener does not mention The Methodist Church and one day, with God's help, we shall make him realize that this was a serious omission. Our church is committed to service in the 50th state and it has been there now for over 100 years.

Michener goes to China to describe the background of the first Chinese brought to Hawaii as laborers, then tells who the Japanese were and why they came. These people come alive as real persons.

The story marches on as the descendants of the missionaries assume tight economic and social control. It tells how, gradually, different racial groups come into their own. And it describes the development that has taken place since the war.

Everybody ought to see Hawaii before he dies and everybody ought to read this book before he sees Hawaii.

**THE LOTUS EATERS**, by Gerald Green (*Scribners*, \$4.95).

I remembered *The Last Angry Man* and I turned to this book with great eagerness. It is a different kind of story and has nothing of the inspiration and nobility of the first book, but it has the mark of a skilled writer and it opens up a part of American life which is probably true but is also cheap and sick. The scene is Miami Beach and the hero is a young archaeologist who is quite a decent fellow. All the phonies who infest a place like Miami Beach are there and they almost wreck his marriage. There are signs of greatness in some of the characters but the over-all impression is of frustration and tragedy.

This is a book to make a man tremble when he realizes that his country is face to face with a great testing of its moral and spiritual life. I wish the author would find some more angry men to write about; they are the only answer to the lotus eaters.

**NIKI**, by Tabor Deroi (*Doubleday*, \$2.95).

The author is a Hungarian imprisoned by the Russians because of his activities in the 1956 uprising. Niki is the name of a dog whose story is related with rare perception and sensitivity. It is a different kind of dog story, probing the feelings of a mongrel who had come to live with a young Communist professor and his wife.

There is a sadness which pervades this tale and is reflected in the interaction between the dog and the man and woman she loves. I think of what a friend once told me. "If you want to know something about a dog," he said, "do not bother to read books about dogs. Just go directly and ask the dog himself." It is almost as if this man had followed that advice.

There is a kind of simplicity and sympathy expressed here that I found particularly moving. I think Dr. Albert Schweitzer would approve of this sensitively written study of "reverence for all life."



Beginning April 27th 1960, the General Conference will convene in Denver, Colorado to review the progress and project the future of The Methodist Church.

Each day a staff of trained steno-typists transcribe the "word for word" proceedings. Even the laughter and applause become part of the official record.

This daily record, edited by the staff of Advocate/Together and published as THE DAILY CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, also contains interesting stories, facts, and sidelights of the Conference:

- **THE EPISCOPAL ADDRESS** (Council of Bishops' report to the church)
- **STORY OF METHODISM IN ACTION** around the world, related by leaders of our Boards, Commissions and Agencies
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# Pedro's Magic Flute

By   
Mary  
Laird



PEDRO led the goats to the far corner of the courtyard. Each morning and evening he came to the courtyard to draw water for his uncle's herd of goats.

While the goats drank from the rough wooden trough, Pedro played on his flute. His fingers flitted over the notches in the reeds and played lively tunes.

The other goatherds gathered around Pedro to listen. One of them asked, "Pedro, why is your flute so sweet? Each note is clear and rippling. It must be a magic flute."

"Yes," cried another boy, "your notes are true. All we get are screeches and squeals, yet we cut our reeds from the same place you found yours. You must have a magic flute!"

Pedro placed his flute in his belt and said, "Let me see your flutes."

The boys handed him theirs. Pedro chose one of the flutes and, lifting it to his lips, played the merriest of tunes. He did this until he had played on all the flutes.

One boy named Juan snatched up his flute. He put it to his lips and blew fiercely. Screeches and squeals filled the air. The other boys took their flutes, but they could not play musical tunes either.

"Pedro," said Juan, "please teach us how to play on our flutes."

Pedro smiled. Then he asked, "Juan, what do you listen to when you are tending your goats?"

"What is there to listen to," replied Juan, "but the foolish 'maa-maa' of the goats and the noisy clanging of their bells?"

"What about the wind

which races through the grass and swings through the top branches of the trees?" asked Pedro.

"The wind," scoffed Juan. "It blows sand in my eyes and screeches almost as badly as my flute."

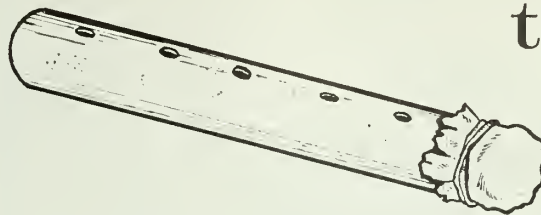
"But what has all this to do with playing our flutes?" asked another boy. "We asked you to teach us how to play our flutes."

Pedro said kindly, "My flute is not a magic flute. It is just like yours. You can play wonderful tunes on your flutes if you listen for beautiful sounds around you. It is hard to do happy things if you are not thinking about happy things."

Then Pedro took his flute from his belt and, herding his uncle's goats before him, lifted the flute to his lips and began to play lively tunes.

Each note was as clear as the wind in the trees and as gay and tinkling as the bells on the goats.

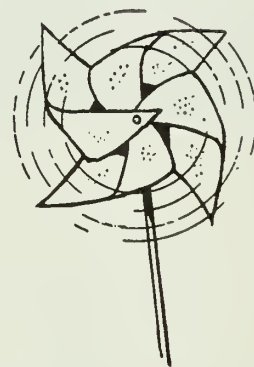
# A Silver Flute to Toot



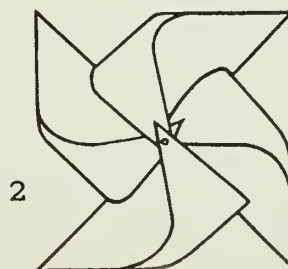
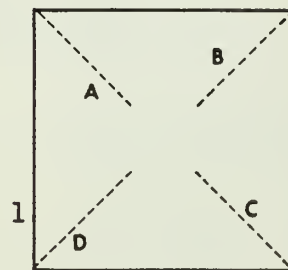
HERE'S how to make a silver flute—one that will be fun to toot. First, you will need a cardboard tube like those found inside rolls of waxed paper or aluminum foil. Next, cover the tube with aluminum foil, leaving the ends of the tube open. Then put a piece of waxed paper loosely over one end of the tube and use a rubber band to hold it in place.

Now you are ready to punch holes in your flute. Use a pointed pencil to make the holes and wiggle the pencil in each to make the hole a little bigger. Then your flute will be ready to toot. Hum into each hole, one at a time, to see where you can make the best vibrating tone. If none of the holes seems to work, try humming right into the open end of the cardboard tube. Then your flute is almost sure to toot!

# A SPARKLY Spinwheel



A SPARKLY spinwheel is fun to play with on windy days. Get a piece of colored construction paper and a piece of aluminum foil, each about five inches square. Glue or tape the aluminum foil on top of the construction paper. Cut slits from each corner of the square toward the center as in drawing 1. Next, fold points A, B, C, and D to the center of the square (drawing 2) and stick a pin through them. Now fasten the pin to a small stick and move it through the air. The air will make the spinwheel whirl around and the aluminum foil will make it sparkle as it spins!



## Signs of Spring

See the kites up in the sky,  
See the robins singing,  
Watch the children laugh and play,  
Jumping rope and swinging.

See the boys roll marbles bright,  
See the girls hopscotching,  
Look around and you will know  
Spring is what you're watching!

—RUTH RAMSEY







**Silent sermon:**  
*Louis W. Foxwell, who hears normally, learned to "sign" from deaf parents. He serves two deaf congregations.*

# Ministry to the Deaf

*They Hear Not—But They See*



THE FIRST sounds of spring, the glory of Handel's *Messiah*, the wordless cooing of a baby—all these are unknown pleasures to some 200,000 totally deaf Americans. They hear only with their eyes, speak most easily with their hands. Yet by hard work and special training, almost all are able to live near-normal lives.

In one crucial area of human need, however, the deaf long have been left wanting. That area, especially meaningful in their silent world, is worship. Attending ordinary church services is unsatisfactory, for lip reading, at best, is difficult. The only solu-

tion is to train more Christian workers for service among the deaf. Especially needed are ministers able to conduct complete worship services in sign language.

Just such a program has been launched jointly by the Division of National Missions and Methodist-related Goodwill Industries. Actually, Methodism's ministry to the deaf is not new; it traces back to 1893, when special services were initiated at the Chicago Temple (First Methodist Church). Among deaf congregations since formed in other cities is that at Christ Church for the Deaf in Baltimore, organized in 1894 and now served by the Rev. Louis W. Foxwell. On these pages: an insight into his unusual ministry.

**Circuit Rider Foxwell preaches**  
*Sunday mornings in Baltimore (left),  
 Sunday afternoons in Washington.*



***Faith of Our Fathers:** Sunday worshippers (above) raise their hands, not their voices, to render this beloved hymn at Baltimore's Christ Church for the Deaf. Some of the 175 members travel over 50 miles to attend weekly services, then stay on for lunch and afternoon fellowship.*

***Teamwork:** From the pulpit of the Washington (D.C.) Church for the Deaf, Pastor Foxwell (right, below) translates into sign language the spoken prayer of guest minister W. V. Moore.*



***Song without music:** Choir members at Christ Church, here performing an anthem, are chosen for the gracefulness of their hand movements. "Signing" expresses words and phrases, not individual letters, and is almost as fast as speech.*







**Prayerful youth:** One item in this preacher's tight weekly schedule is conducting a Sunday-school class for students, 10 to 18, at the Maryland School for the Deaf. Here he's backstopping one of the 75 members as she recites the Lord's Prayer. Every third Sunday he leads an early-morning chapel service.



**Boy in trouble:** Called when the son of a deaf parishioner (left) was threatened with reform school, Pastor Foxwell had the boy (his third) paroled to him.

**Friendly bello:** The pastor, once a printer's devil, feels right at home when he visits the shop where his deaf friend, John Fiedler, works. A vital part of his ministry is helping parishioners find jobs.







**Far-flung flock:** A surprise visit from his minister pleases barber Les Brown, who lives 30 miles from Baltimore. Though not totally deaf, he belongs to Christ Church, in hard times gave fellow members free haircuts.

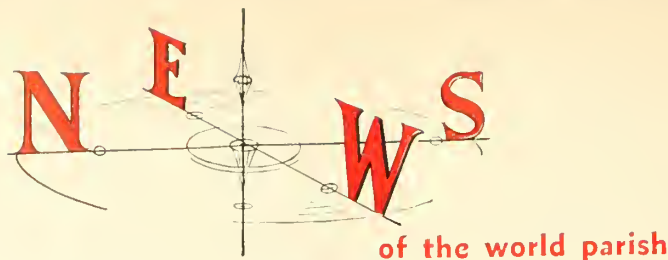


**Bright spot:** Many deaf people can talk only by sign language, so a hospital can be extra lonely. But Pastor Foxwell visits ill parishioners often, leaves The Upper Room.



**Whisperers:** One of the pastor's young Sunday-school students at the Maryland School for the Deaf shifts his attention: a buddy's question brings a quick explanation.





## EUB UNION? CONFERENCE TO SET TALK PATTERN

The Methodist Commission on Church Union, which has been talking with other denominations on closer cooperation and studying organic union, will ask the General Conference in April for instructions on working out a possible nation-wide plan of union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church.

Meanwhile, on a regional level, a spokesman of the Protestant Episcopal Church has reported that discussions between Methodists and Episcopalians on intercommunion as an approach to organic union have taken place in Newport, R.I.

Charles C. Parlin, secretary of the Methodist Commission on Church Union, told of the plan to seek instructions from the General Conference. Any plan of union worked out at joint sessions of Methodist and EUB commissions, probably in late 1960, would be presented to the EUB Conference in 1962 and Methodism's General Conference in 1964.

"Members of the two commissions," Mr. Parlin said, "are generally optimistic that a plan of union will emerge from the joint sessions."

The EUB Church was formed in 1946 by a merger of the Evangelical Church and the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. It has approximately 750,000 members and 3,000 ordained clergymen serving 4,353 churches. Enrollment in its church schools is 697,038.

The Methodist Church, with 9.8 million members, has 27,750 clergymen serving 39,236 organized churches and a church-school enrollment of 7.1 million.

Ten clergymen and 10 laymen participated in the Newport meeting of Methodists and Episcopalians. The Very Rev. Darby Wood Betts, spokesman for the Methodist and Episcopal bishops who were hosts, said the conferees reviewed the work of their national unity groups and discussed intercommunion.

The Episcopal official said their meeting was aimed at a better understanding of their respective churches and at fostering "a continuing fellowship of understanding" between the two communions in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.

The Methodist Commission on Church Union and the Episcopal

Commission on Approaches to Unity have engaged over a period of time in exploratory talks on intercommunion as an approach to organic union, Dean Betts pointed out.

"There were no illusions about speedy union of the two churches," he added. "Both realize they spring from the Church of England, have grown far apart, and will not come together without God's help."

The Protestant Episcopal Church has a membership of nearly 3.1 million and a church-school enrollment of almost 900,000. Its 4,963 ministers serve more than 6,900 churches.

Church unification, now increasing, is in direct contrast with the trend 100 years ago when denominational splits were common.

The Methodist Church was formed in 1939 when three bodies of Wesley followers reunited after going their separate ways for almost a century. Two Presbyterian groups merged in 1958 to form the United Presbyterian Church in the USA. Not long ago, three Lutheran bodies established The American Lutheran Church, and more recently four other Lutheran groups agreed to unite formally in 1962 as the Lutheran Evangelical Church in America.

Churchmen foresee additional mergers as denominations grow closer together through the National and World Councils of Churches or through their own national and world organizations.

The *NCC Yearbook of American Churches* for 1960 lists more than 25 Baptist bodies, 8 Friends, 18 Lutheran, 13 Mennonite, 21 Methodist, 10 Presbyterian, and scores of others.

## Asks Church to Reaffirm Planned-Parenthood Stand

Memorials asking that The Methodist Church reaffirm its 1956 position on planned parenthood will be presented to the General Conference convening next month in Denver.

The memorials reflect Methodist interest in the birth-control controversy which swept the country in late 1959, drawing comments from top religious and government officials.

A recent check revealed that no memorials dealing separately with birth control had been received by the General Conference secretary. However, the

subject was mentioned in a memorial submitted by the Detroit Conference Board of Christian Social Relations. It said, "We call upon Methodist representatives to support the principles of planned parenthood and population control in interdenominational, ecumenical, national, and international assemblies," and suggested that the appropriate board "make studies and issue material on the relationship between population and standards of living . . ."

The Methodist Church's attitude is stated in the *Discipline* (Paragraph 2021: 3-c) as: "We believe that planned parenthood, practiced in Christian conscience, may fulfill rather than violate the will of God."

Bishops Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles and G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, D.C., are among Methodist churchmen who have spoken out.

Bishop Kennedy, who will preside at the 1960 General Conference, declared that the church must determine its stand on the "basis of the sacredness of personality . . . whether or not the use of birth-control methods works for the bettering or for the worsening of human life."

Bishop Oxnam called planned parenthood "an expression of Christian respect for personality" and declared, "It is unplanned parenthood that is a sin."

"The real truth is that celibacy, continence, or reliance on the rhythm system or medical means is just as much planning as is the use of artificial means."

## \$900,000 for UNICEF

The Rev. Edwin L. Shelling, Presbyterian minister of White Haven, Pa., has presented a \$900,000 check to Maurice Pate, executive director of the UN International Children's Emergency Fund. It represented money collected by American children on Halloween for UNICEF [see *On Hal-*



Maurice Pate (second from right), UNICEF director, accepts a check for \$900,000 from Mr. Shelling as Mrs. Selts (left) and Mr. Moskowitz (right) watch presentation.



## UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere.

### MARCH

- 2—Ash Wednesday, beginning of Lent.
- 4—World Day of Prayer.
- 10—Annual meeting, Television, Radio, and Film Commission, Nashville, Tenn.
- 16-18—Regional Seminar on Christian Vacations, San Francisco, Calif.
- 20—Ohio Area's One Great Day of Evangelism.
- 21-23—Regional Seminar on Christian Vacations, Portland, Ore.
- 27—One Great Hour of Sharing.

**WCS STUDY TOPIC:** General Program—*How Total Is My Stewardship?*, by Martha M. Harvey; Circle Program—*Concerning the Stewardship of the Church*, by Joyce Hill.

*loween: The Trick Is to Treat*, October, 1959, page 61].

Collections for 1959, when totaled, are expected to top \$1,250,000.

Participating with Mr. Shelling in the presentation ceremony were Mrs. William A. Selts, Kew Gardens, N.Y., representing the National Council of Catholic Women, and Moses Moskowitz, secretary-general of the Consultative Council of Jewish Organizations.

### Churches Lose Liquor Fight

Church groups in Nashville, Tenn., have lost a battle to keep the city council from passing a controversial bill providing for the relocation of liquor stores.

The council-approved bill extends the distance a liquor business can be relocated from the pathway of an expressway or public-improvement project from 1,200 to 3,600 feet.

Ministers objected that the legislation would open the possibility that liquor stores would relocate near churches or residential areas.

Proponents of the bill contended it was necessary to "protect a legitimate business."

### More Interracial Churches

Scores of Methodist churches have voluntarily dropped racial restrictions and become interracial in the last five years. And the rate is accelerating.

So reported the Rev. A. Dudley

### GUEST TICKETS

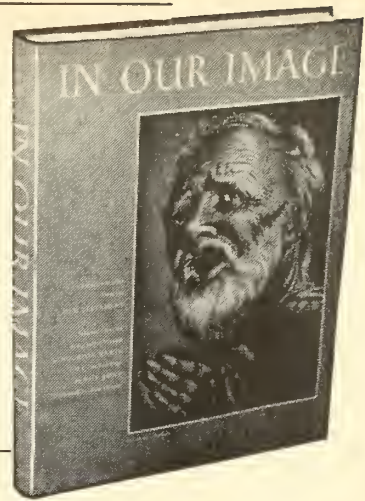
Those desiring guest tickets for the 1960 General Conference, to be held in Denver April 27 to May 11, should send requests to: The Rev. J. Otis Young, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

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Ward, general secretary of the Board  
of Social and Economic Relations, to  
the national Methodist Curriculum  
Committee.

Much of the integration, Dr. Ward  
said, has been in churches in some large  
cities outside the South. He added that  
in Chicago alone there now are more  
Negro members in interracial Methodist  
churches which were all-white churches  
five years ago than there are in the 13  
Chicago churches of Methodism's Cen-  
tral Jurisdiction.

### 'The Earth Is the Lord's'

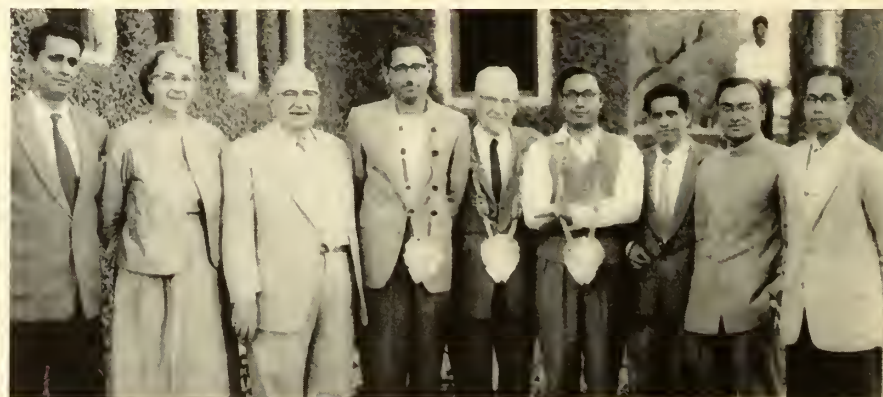
A unique project to finance the  
maintenance and improvement of  
church property, started by Methodist  
Men of First Church, Hartford, S. Dak.,  
several years ago, is proving so success-  
ful that it now is being adopted by  
other rural churches.

The Hartford undertaking, carried  
out by volunteer labor, involves the  
planting, cultivation, and harvesting of  
crops on a 100-acre plot on the edge of  
town. The men rent the land and a  
barn for storing the crops.

Last year they planted alfalfa, oats,  
and 70 acres of corn. Then early one  
fall day, when the corn was harvest  
ripe, 21 farmers and townsmen with  
tractors, mechanical pickers, haulers,  
and elevators, gathered at the farm.  
By noon they had the corn piled up in  
a nearby barn. The men, tired and  
hungry, headed for the church base-  
ment and a hearty meal prepared by  
three church women. Then, back to  
the job.

Profits go for such items as a new  
furnace or cleaning and tuck pointing  
the building. Part of the money also  
goes to the general budget of the 300-  
member church. Net cash return is  
\$1,200 a year.

The farm project has been so "high-  
ly successful," says the Rev. Henry Rat-  
liff, pastor, that the idea has rubbed  
off on the MYF—the boys and girls  
planted popcorn and sweet corn last  
year to help support their activities.



Madar Union Sanatorium doctors pose with Bishop Pickett (center) outside their chapel. They are (left to right): Dr. Sharma; Dr. Marian B. Hall; Dr. Sherwood Hall, superintendent; Dr. Islam; the bishop; Dr. De; Dr. Harsha; Dr. Bhatt, and Dr. Mirani. The picture was taken on the bishop's recent trip to India.

## 11,246 Make Commitments

The two-month-long *Mission to America* conducted by nine Christians from other lands resulted in 11,246 persons rededicating themselves to Christ.

The Mission was sponsored by the Board of Evangelism and two divisions of the Board of Missions. The nine speakers, from South America, Africa, and Asia, preached to 106,843 persons at 1,007 services in 480 participating churches. They also visited 539 homes and won 458 to Christ by profession of faith and transfer.

## Needed: 798 Missionaries

There now are 798 openings for Methodist missionaries in the U.S. and 40 overseas countries, according to a 1960 tabulation.

The annual listing of openings for career and special-term missionaries was announced by the Board of Missions through its Office of Missionary Personnel, 475 Riverside Dr., New York.

Listed are 164 openings in home-mission fields and 634 overseas. The 40 overseas countries are in Asia, Africa, and North and South America.

## Bishop Tours India Missions

Bishop J. Waskom Pickett of Boston returned home in January from a six-week tour of Methodist projects in India, where he conducted institutes and workshops in evangelism.

The retired bishop, counselor in evangelism for the Board of Missions, spent several days visiting the Madar Union Sanatorium, Amjer, India, where four new buildings were dedicated in November. One is used exclusively for the care of tubercular refugees from Communist violence in Tibet.

Dr. Sherwood Hall, medical super-  
intendent of the sanatorium, and the Rev. George S. Singh, its chaplain, accompanied the bishop on his tour of the buildings. He has long been inter-  
ested in the sanatorium's work.



## Jurisdictional Commission: 'Make No Basic Changes'

"Immediate elimination of the Central Jurisdiction would be harmful to The Methodist Church and especially to Negro Methodists," the Commission studying the church's Jurisdictional system will tell the coming General Conference in Denver [see *Four Methodist Bishops Answer Four Timely Questions*, page 14].

The 70-man fact-finding Commission, therefore, will recommend "no basic changes" in the system. Its report, on which it worked four years, is expected to be a major issue at the Conference. More than 200 memorials ask that the present system be retained; others want it abolished.

The Commission to Study and Recommend Action Concerning the Jurisdictional System was set up by the 1956 General Conference to study both racial segregation in the church and the Jurisdictional system, "with special reference to its philosophy, its effectiveness, its weaknesses, and its relationship to the future of the church."

Under the system created at the 1939 Uniting Conference, Methodism has five geographic Jurisdictions and one, the Central, made up of Negro Annual Conferences over most of the U.S.

The Commission's report said that "unfortunately and erroneously, the Jurisdictional system . . . has become for some a symbol of segregation."

"Actually, the Central Jurisdiction assures racial integration in the highest echelons of our church—in the Council of Bishops, the Judicial Council, and in all boards, commissions, and committees. There is no other denomination in America where this degree of racial integration in the governing bodies of the church has been achieved."

Since 1958, it points out, under an amendment to the church constitution allowing a congregation to transfer to another Jurisdiction, only six Negro churches have switched to white Jurisdictions, while 36 others are in the process. All are outside the South.

To achieve a "fully inclusive" church, the report recommends interracial community ministerial associations and Annual Conference committees on interracial brotherhood. It also recommends that the Board of Social and Economic Relations recommend action to "bring about within a reasonable time the abolition of the Central Jurisdiction's racial character." The community-level association, it explained, would encourage pulpit exchanges among other activities.

The Commission's report, released by Chairman Charles C. Parlin, Englewood, N.J., and the Rev. C. C. Bell, director, Lynchburg, Va., has been given all church officials and General Conference delegates for study.

Other recommendations: that Jurisdictional Conferences meet at the same time and place as the General Conference, or not more than 60 days earlier; Jurisdictions adopt their own policies as to promotion and administration by Jurisdictional organizations; the General Conference have a minimum of 900 and a maximum of 1,400 members; the same persons be elected to their respective Jurisdictional Conferences and the General Conference, and the site of the General Conference be rotated among the Jurisdictions, provided there is an equality of accommodations for all races without discrimination or segregation.

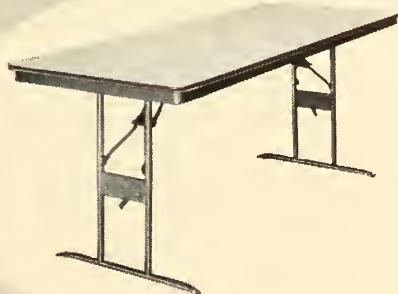
## Group Opposes Report

A group of Alabama lay leaders and pastors has criticized the report of the Commission to Study the Jurisdictional System as a move toward ultimate racial integration in The Methodist Church. Among those expressing dissatisfaction was Dr. G. Stanley Frazer, a retired minister, who charged that under Commission recommendations "all segregating factors in the churches, schools, and other facets of the denomination are to be eliminated." He further asserted that Jurisdictions will become nothing more than "regional committees."

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- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast | 1 teaspoon anise seed              |
| ¼ cup warm, not hot, water               | ¼ cup shortening                   |
| 1 ¾ cups boiling water                   | ¼ cup molasses                     |
| ¼ cup quick cooking oatmeal              | 2 cups enriched white flour        |
| ½ cup brown sugar                        | 3 cups rye flour                   |
| 1 tablespoon salt                        | 1 ¼ to 1 ½ cups sifted white flour |

Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup warm water. Pour boiling water over next 6 ingredients. Cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and 2 cups white flour; beat hard 2 minutes, or until batter falls from spoon in "sheets". Mix in rye flour and remaining white flour, adding just enough to make soft dough. Mix well, let rest 10 minutes. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Brush top with soft shortening. Cover. Let rise in warm place until double, about 2 hours. Punch down. Let rise again until almost

double, about 45 minutes. Punch down and divide dough in half. Mold into 2 loaves; place in greased pans. Cover; let rise until almost double, 45 to 60 minutes. Bake at 375°, 35 to 50 minutes. Brush tops with butter. Pan size 9 x 5 x 3 inches.



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## RIAL Names Top '59 City

Religion In American Life, Inc., has selected Warren, Ohio, as its 1959 "Community of the Year."

RIAL, a nonsectarian group promoting worship attendance at all churches and synagogues, selected Warren over 453 other towns and cities which last November promoted religious services. Through the efforts of 25 civic groups and 30 churches and synagogues in the community of 60,000, worship attendance in Warren increased 12 per cent.

## Sound Films Win Converts

An audio-visual evangelism program directed by a Methodist missionary, the Rev. James H. Moore of Johnson City, N.Y., now has reached 1.5 million Koreans. The interdenominational project, launched in 1949, operates under the Korea National Christian Council and is credited with converting 1,300 persons to Christianity.

Two mobile units used in the work were donated by the Methodist Board of Evangelism and two by the United Presbyterian Church.

## Rededicate Asbury Home

Church and civic dignitaries joined recently in rededicating the boyhood home of Bishop Francis Asbury, near West Bromwich, England, as a shrine of world Methodism.

The small, four-room cottage is being furnished in 18th-century style through donations by American and British Methodists.

A tablet at the entrance honors the man "who was sent to America by John Wesley in 1771 and became the first bishop of the American Methodist church." It was unveiled by Sir Roger Makin, former British ambassador to Washington.

American Methodism was represented by Dr. J. Manning Potts, editor of *The Upper Room*; Dr. Harry Denman of the Board of Evangelism, and by Bishops Ivan Lee Holt and Fred Pierce Corson.



Sir Roger Makin reads the tablet he has just unveiled on Bishop Asbury's boyhood home in England. Note British and American flags.



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## Ambassador Voices Hope For Arab-Israel Meetings

Arabs and Israelis must meet and discuss their differences face to face if they are to be solved, says Avraham Harman, Israel's ambassador to the U.S.

Interviewed in Chicago by TOGETHER, Harman touched on what he called the reluctance of Arab nations to meet with Israeli representatives and on the problem of Arabian refugees.

In his opinion, Arab nations should concentrate on their internal problems and not on aggressive acts toward Israel. He believes some Arab countries are ready to negotiate agreements, but will not act without a green light from Egypt.

Asked to comment on Gamal Abdel Nasser's letter in TOGETHER [see *Peace on Earth Starts in the Heart*, December, 1959, page 26], the ambassador voiced accord with the United Arab Republic president's sentiments and quoted an Israeli saying to the effect that when a man saves one life it is as though he had saved the entire world. He added, "The comment on coexistence is an exact definition of our aims."

The refugee problem, Harman described as grave but "easily soluble" since these families could be absorbed by the Arab world with its vast undeveloped resources. He offered to discuss the problem with the Arabs outside other questions.

## Pastor, 83, Eulogizes 'Rebel'

An 83-year-old Methodist minister, Dr. S. Steven McKenney, delivered the eulogy at funeral services for Walter W. Williams, last survivor of the estimated 4 million who fought in the Civil War.

Williams, who died at 117 in Houston, Tex., had been a Confederate forage master.

Final rites were held in the South Main Baptist Church with the pastor, the Rev. E. H. Westmoreland, giving the invocation.

Dr. McKenney, associate minister of Houston's Epworth Methodist Church, lauded Williams as a "most distinguished citizen."

## Capture Didn't Scare Him

The Rev. Lester Griffith, Jr., held captive by Algerian rebels in 1958 [see *My 40 Days and Nights With the Algerian Rebels*, April, 1959, page 12], is presently stationed in Écaussines, Belgium.

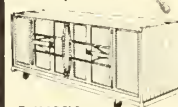
He has a church of 100 members, helps a young student pastor at a mission post in Nivelles, and is studying Arabic at the University of Brussels for the day when he can resume missionary work in Algeria.

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# Name Your Hobby

You hobby enthusiasts will find this popular column bulging with the names of other readers who are eager to compare notes. Write directly to any of them, or send us your name, address, and specialty. Meanwhile, be sure not to miss this month's Hobby Alley feature on page 76.—EDS.

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## Launch 'Decade of Prayer'

The Board of Evangelism launched a "Decade of Prayer" program in January as part of its *Decade of Dynamic Discipleship*.

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, noted Methodist missionary-evangelist, was principal speaker at the inaugural meeting in Central Church, Knoxville, Tenn. One special emphasis of the program will be on prayer for world peace.

"No greater contribution could be made during the next 10 years," Dr. Jones declared, "than to undergird the world with prayer."

## Church Fact Book Ready

*The Methodist Fact Book* for 1960, a 216-page volume of information about The Methodist Church, is available now from the Methodist Publishing House.

Known as the General Conference Edition, it has as its central theme "Twenty Magnificent Years" (of unification) and is divided into three main sections: *Structure and Organization*; *The Finances of The Methodist Church*; and *History, Growth, and the Future*.

Editor of the *Fact Book* is the Rev. Albert C. Hoover, director of The Methodist Church's statistical office.

## Asian Conference Gains

The Methodist Church dedicated 34 new buildings in the Southeast Asia Central Conference in 1959, according to Bishop Hobart B. Amstutz of Singapore.

For the same area—Burma, Malaya, Singapore, Indonesia, and Sarawak—in 1958, the figure was 19.

The 53 new buildings built in the '58-59 period include 10 churches, 12 schools, 7 church halls, 10 hostels, 11 parsonages, and 3 private homes.



*A pose such as this one has been suggested for a Christ statue which a nonsectarian group plans to erect in the Black Hills National Forest.*



## 1960s: Years of Destiny

Bishop Roy H. Short, secretary of the Council of Bishops, told 300 young ministers attending the 1959 Christmas Conference in Baltimore that the "next 10 years promise to be destiny-determining years for all time to come, not only in our own land but in all the earth."

Christian churches, he said, have the duty in the '60s to "open the eyes of this largely blinded world" by truth, demonstration, and love.

Another speaker at the Conference, Bishop Edgar A. Love, warned the ministers that they cannot constantly please their congregations and have peace of mind, too.

"You may preach a spineless, conforming-to-things-as-they-are sort of Gospel that may not cost you anything," he said. "If you do, you may please the people and have a comfortable existence, but you will not have peace of mind."

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City, declared that a revival of religion depends "on the pew even more than the pulpit" because "we can't train enough preachers for the growing needs of the church."

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam addressed the final service and pointed out that in the next 175 years man "will have conquered space and come to know the . . . people who populate the great planets of the universe." Are the churches ready, he asked, to carry the Gospel to them?

## Squeeze Free Air Time

A National Council of Churches survey of 141 commercial radio and TV stations in 11 major cities showed that only 3.1 per cent of their air time in the week studied was given to free religious broadcasts.

Radio, with 12,794 hours and 20 minutes of operation, gave 3.5 per cent of it to public-service religious programs. TV, with 3,559 hours and 19 minutes of programing, donated 1.7 per cent.

The area most generous with TV time was Birmingham, Ala., where two stations gave 5½ hours. Fifteen radio stations in Philadelphia led other cities by opening 44½ hours to religious programs.

## Ideas on Work Passe?

Dr. Kermit Eby, labor economist and University of Chicago social-science professor, feels that the Judeo-Christian ethic on work is "obsolete."

He told a world-wide assembly of students in Athens, Ohio, that the principle that labor is the most creative expression of man's daily life must be re-examined, "since the modern world is an automated world."



Dr. R. Norris Wilson (center) with Mrs. W. Murdoch MacLeod of United Church Women and Dr. Paul B. Freeland, CWS official, view posters for the 1960 clothing drive.

## CWS Doubles Clothing Needs

Church World Service this year is seeking 10 million pounds of used clothing and 2 million blankets from American Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churchgoers for overseas relief—doubling its 1959 efforts.

The 1960 *United Clothing Appeal of the Churches* began in February. Plans for the drive were made by 100 denominational leaders at a meeting called by the National Council of Churches, the sponsoring body.

Dr. R. Norris Wilson, CWS executive director, asked that collections be sent to the nearest CWS regional clothing center. They are located in Nappanee, Ind., New Windsor, Md., St. Louis, Mo., Modesto, Calif., and New York.

## Board To Stay Near Chicago

The General Board of Lay Activities has voted to keep its main office in the Chicago area.

The new location has not been determined, but will be near other church boards which also will relocate after the building in which they are located is sold.

## CENTURY CLUB

Still more Methodists qualify this month for TOGETHER's Century Club. The new members are:

Mrs. Boyd Case, 100, Glendive, Mont.

Dr. Alpheus S. Mowbray, 101, Belmar, N.J.

Mrs. Mary Ann Hinnant, 104, Beeville, Tex.

Mrs. Julia Colby, 103, Blair, Nebr.

Readers are invited to send the names of other Methodists 100 or more years old for publication as members of the Club.

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## 'Evil Is More Interesting'

"Movie films do not present the standards of sexual morality as prescribed in the teachings of the Christian faith," Dr. Harry C. Spencer told a recent meeting of the interdenominational Churchman's Commission for Decent Publications. The general secretary of TRAFICO explained:

"That is because the purpose of the producer is primarily financial and to gain status, and not to portray the good life. It is also because, to a large part of the public, sexual evil is more interesting than conventional morality."

## Make TV Mission Films

Four Methodist missionaries in Elisabethville, Belgian Congo, have helped TV producers make movies of missionary work for U.S. showing.

The interdenominational films, produced for the National Council of Churches, are aimed primarily at interesting youngsters in mission activities. The Methodists who helped were the Rev. Tom Cloyd, the Rev. Billy Starnes, the Rev. Everett Woodcock, and Lynn DeMoss.

## Seminary Enrollment Up

The Methodist Theological Seminary at Frankfurt am Main, Germany, has a 1959-60 enrollment of 44 students, eight more than last year and the largest student body in seven years.

## CAMERA CLIQUE

**Winter Washout?** About this time every year, some color-slide enthusiasts are learning the hard way that snow reflects unexpected amounts of extra light—and that following recommended "average" outdoor settings is likely to yield faded, overexposed winter scenes. Our photographer ran into a related problem last summer while shooting Sky Taxis for Pastors [page 76]. With the bright Texas sun bouncing off white concrete runways at San Antonio International Airport, his light-meter readings were nearly two stops over the so-called average for midday. Moral: Anywhere you run into large quantities of reflected light—and that includes beach and high-altitude scenes—cut exposure at least one stop by using a smaller aperture setting or a faster shutter speed.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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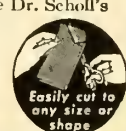
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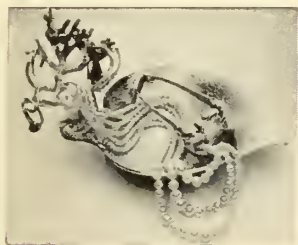


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## Shopping Together



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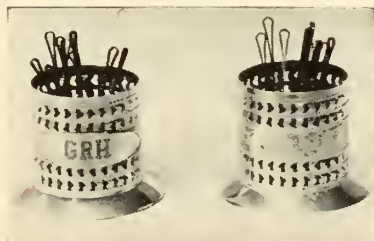


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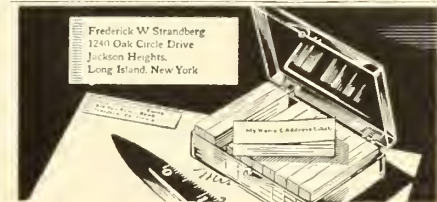
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*Art McKown heads MRCC, a Methodist ham network ready to arrange speedy air travel for ministers in a hurry.*

# Sky Taxis for Pastors

Thanks to plane-piloting laymen, these 1960 circuit riders are getting lifts the high-flying way.

THE MERE IDEA of men flying would set the coattails of any old-time circuit rider aflapping. In his heyday, the frontier Methodist preacher spent far more time bouncing on a hard saddle than in pulpit-thumping oratory. Travel was an unwritten rule of his profession and he kept at it the year around—even in weather “fitten only for crows and Methodist preachers.”

Today's clergyman has doffed frock coat and saddlebags for business suit and briefcase. The circuit rider's sway-backed mare was replaced long ago by a more comfortable car. Unmarked wilderness trails gave way to superhighways. Travel, still important to Methodist preachers, became fast and easy.

Such speed and comfort would dazzle history's circuit rider. But what would really take his breath away is air travel, especially as provided by a Methodist air force recently formed to get preachers where they want to go in a hurry.

That's precisely the idea behind an organization called the Methodist Volunteer Air Transport Corps, or MVATC. In its ranks are over a score of Southwest Texas Conference laymen, all licensed private pilots who own airplanes. Each agrees to fly, at his own expense, at least two religious missions a year. The new service takes on greater significance because most of the members' planes can seat three passengers.

During a scant year of operation,

planes flying the MVATC winged-cross banner have logged many useful hours airlifting Methodist clergymen, missionaries, and Conference officials when time was short and needs were urgent. An affiliated network of radio hams, called the Methodist Radio Communication Corps (MRCC), stands ready to make speedy emergency arrangements for plane service.

Already there is dramatic proof of the MVATC's effectiveness—and neighborliness. Early one morning, two pilot-members in Eldorado learned that a critically ill Baptist minister required hospital treatment in Port Arthur, 400 miles away, but was not strong enough to make the trip in a car or ambulance. Within the hour, they had fueled a four-passenger plane, loaded the patient and a special nurse, and were in the air. Less than three hours later, they landed in Port Arthur; by midafternoon, they were back at their regular jobs.

That mission illustrates MVATC's urgent service. On more routine flights it carries pastors to distant funerals, takes missionaries to conferences, hurries clergymen to any place difficult to reach by ordinary travel methods. At its side stands MRCC, which like the MVATC is the brain child of the Rev. Horace



*A Methodist volunteer pilot (left) jokes with his preacher-passenger while awaiting take-off orders.*





*Near his four-seat sky steed, veteran light-plane pilot Cedrick Wood (left) goes over the flight plan for a MVATC mission with Conference lay leader Jim Walker.*

M. King, a former Army Air Corps chaplain now executive secretary of the Southwest Texas Conference. Unofficial headquarters for the pilot's group is split between his San Antonio office and the San Antonio International Airport, where pilot-member H. B. Zachry operates an aviation service.

To organize the MRCC, the ex-chaplain called on Art McKown of Austin, a well-known amateur radio operator (K5JNY), whose seven-antenna rig makes his home look like a radar tracking station. McKown, now MRCC president, and other ham members hold informal air-wave meetings every Monday evening at 72.15 meters.

Finding qualified enlistees for the MVATC, on the other hand, was no

chore for Mr. King, although he himself is not a pilot. The recent boom in private flying, spearheaded by flying for business purposes, has been especially pronounced in the wide-open Southwest. In some regions, private planes outnumber automobiles; air-minded farmers and ranchers think nothing of using the family plane to pick up midweek groceries at the nearest store. One New Mexican, as an added service to his customers, even flies Sunday newspapers to a string of desert gas stations he owns.

Latest figures shows that more than 65,000 private planes in 1958 logged some 11.5 million air hours in traveling nearly 1.5 billion miles—triple the flying time and double the mileage of scheduled commercial flights.

About 450,000 persons, at last count, held private licenses. And statistics show that business flying is four times safer than highway travel.

Qualifying for a private pilot's li-

*Creamery owner Lloyd Knowlton (left) uses a twin-engine plane for business hops and for family pleasure trips, too.*







*Both the Methodist Volunteer Air Transport Corps and its ham-radio communications network were organized by the Rev. Horace M. King, here waving off a flight from San Antonio's International Airport.*

*High over San Antonio, an MVATC plane levels off and races toward a pastor's distant destination. Cruising speed: 170 mph.*

cense such as MVATC fliers hold is likely to eat through about \$500, figuring \$10 to \$15 per hour of instruction and \$8 to \$12 per hour of solo flight. (Most people solo in less than 10 hours; another 40 are required for polishing techniques and navigation.) Expenses may be cut by joining a flying club, composed of pilots who pool resources to buy one or more shared aircraft. Many veterans, however, say the best way to cut expenses is to buy a plane and learn in it.

Those who can afford a new plane (two-seat models are available for \$5,000 to \$7,000) sometimes get lessons free. The better buys often are used planes, particularly older two-seaters. Some with current licenses—a virtually foolproof guarantee of good condition—sell for under \$2,000. In *Week-End Pilot* [Random House, \$3.75], lawyer Frank Kingston Smith tells how this approach got him his license for the all-inclusive cost of \$156.50 while his plane appreciated in value. His book, incidentally, is an excellent primer on private-plane flying and ownership.

The natural magnet for fliers and learners, of course, is an airport. But these lucky Methodist laymen don't have to worry too much if no airport is near when they're ferrying pastors to distant destinations. They can set down and take off virtually anywhere they find a few hundred feet of flat, open ground—and there's plenty of that in the Southwest. That's one reason their air-taxi missions for ministers frequently provide literal door-to-door service!







# *I Will Not Hurry*

I will not hurry through this day!  
Lord, I will listen by the way,  
To humming bees and singing birds,  
To speaking trees and friendly words;  
And for the moments in between  
Seek glimpses of thy great unseen.

I will not hurry through this day;  
I will take time to think and pray;  
I will look up into the sky,  
Where fleecy clouds and swallows fly;  
And somewhere in the day, maybe  
I will catch whispers, Lord, from thee!

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

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